The Outlook

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The Thurber Testimony

The unexpected testimony of Mr. F. B. Thurber before the Senate investigating committee last week caused a crisis in the Cuban reciprocity situation. Mr. Thurber had been summoned as the President of the United States Export Association, which has been distributing literature in behalf of Cuban reciprocity. In reply to questions from Senator Teller as to the source of the contributions supporting this agitation, Mr. Thurber said that the money had come chiefly from the Cuban Committee interested in reciprocity, but that part of it had come from members of his Export Association, and from others in sympathy with reciprocity. When asked whether he was employed by the Cuban Government, Mr. Thurber replied that he was thus employed in May of last year, when those preparing the Cuban tariff wished information as to the needs of American exporters. Thereupon Mr. Teller handed him vouchers signed by himself as President of the Export Association, acknowledging the receipt of $2,880 from the United States Military Government in Cuba for expense of "sending a third edition of 60,000 circular letters and accompanying publications to leaders of thought." Upon inquiry Mr. Thurber acknowledged the genuineness of the voucher, and defended the literal accuracy of his previous testimony by saying that the checks for the three editions of the circulars referred to had come through the "Cuban Committee." A little later he was asked whether his Association had received a subscription from President Havemeyer, of the American Sugar Refining Company, and replied that Mr. Havemeyer had subscribed $2,500. The testimony regarding Mr. Havemeyer created little surprise, as he was known to be a strong advocate of the original reciprocity bill; but the testimony regarding the contribution of the Cuban Government was a decided shock to the whole country, and the association of the Cuban Government with the Sugar Trust as contributors to the same campaign fund was peculiarly disagreeable. Fortunately, Governor Wood's character is such that no one dared question the integrity of his motives in making the contribution disclosed, and his statement the day following that it was his duty as Governor of Cuba to act for his constituency in Cuba made his attitude clear to every one. Nevertheless, it was felt that General Wood had made a serious mistake in secretly using public funds to promote the agitation of the Export Association in behalf of his policy. By the theory of our Government public money should be expended not only for public ends, but by public means, and any departure from this theory invites scandals and corruption, however pure the intentions of those who justify the original departure. The agitation of the Export Association had been previously hindered rather than helped by the suspicious abundance of funds back of it, and the disclosure of the origin of these funds has made the work of the Association a serious obstacle to the success of reciprocity.

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The Crisis in Congress

The Thurber testimony created a sensation in Congress. The beet-sugar insurgents were openly jubilant. The action of the recent Republican State Conventions had sensibly weakened their hold upon doubtful Congressmen, but this testimony not only re-established their ranks, but perceptibly reinforced them. President Roosevelt saw that the time had come for him to speak, and sent to Congress the special message which we comment

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upon in another column. Everybody in Congress felt the moral elevation of the message, and both the Democrats and the beet-sugar Republicans were ready to acknowledge the conclusiveness of its appeal for generous relief to Cuba; but the beet-sugar Republicans continued to insist that the relief to Cuba must be through a rebate paid to the Cuban Government, and the Democrats more strongly than ever insisted that any reduction of duties on raw sugar must be accompanied by the removal of the duty protecting the sugar-refiners. At first the beet-sugar Republicans tried to get Democratic support for their rebate bill, which would keep American duties at the present level but return twenty per cent. of the collections from Cuban sugar to the Cuban Government; but the Democrats refused to support this policy. Then the Republican insurgents and the Democrats seemed to renew their allegiance to the bill passed by the House, granting reciprocity as proposed by the President but providing through the "Morris amendment" that hereafter the duty on refined sugar shall be no higher than the duty on raw sugar, so that the protection of the Sugar Trust shall be eliminated. The leaders in both these ranks declare that if the President cares only for the relief of Cuba, and not for the protection of the Sugar Trust, he ought to accept the reciprocity bill as it passed the House. There is little doubt that he would accept it if it passed the Senate. Unfortunately, there are several "Administration" Senators more anxious to protect sugar-refiners than to help Cuba, just as there are several "insurgents" more anxious to protect beet-growers than to help Cuba. If reciprocity fails, one or the other or both of these groups will be responsible. The whole country apart from these special interests is a unit for Cuban relief.

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Senator Quay by Yielding Keeps Control

Senator Quay's mastery of Pennsylvania's politics has been manifested once again in his control of the Republican Convention which met at Harrisburg on June 11, in the nomination of his cousin, Judge Pennypacker, for Governor, and the consequent defeat of Attorney-General Elkin, and in his own election to be State Chairman. Our readers will remember that a few months ago he declared his opposition to the candidacy of Attorney-General Elkin, who had been generally conceded to be the machine's candidate, on the ground of his unavailability and his identification with the more notorious episodes of the past two years of the administration of Governor Stone. Mr. Elkin, instead of gracefully acquiescing in the edict of the boss of the machine, refused "to be ordered out, bargained out, or sold out." He entered upon a vigorous campaign and displayed an unexpected strength. He received the support of the State Administration and of the "ripper" governments in Pittsburg and Allegheny. Moreover, he played the country against the city, pretending to be the friend of the former. Quay, with his customary shrewdness, however, selected as his candidate Judge S. W. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, a man of unimpeachable character, who for twelve years has served with rare ability on the Common Pleas Bench. Nothing could be said against his personal or professional character and reputation, and nothing against him politically except that he had appeared in print as Senator Quay's apologist, holding that he was no more criticised or worthy of criticism than men like Hamilton and Webster. Judge Pennypacker's apology, however, seems to have been confined to written words, for no overt political or official act has been charged against him in all the heated discussions of the campaign. His selection served a twofold purpose. It secured the support of Philadelphia's eighty-six delegates, and supplied a candidate who could not be successfully attacked. The wisdom of Quay's move is seen in the results. He is left in complete control of the Pennsylvania political machine, and at seventy years of age can boast of a victory of no mean proportions. The platform adopted by the Convention is in keeping with Judge Pennypacker's nomination. President Roosevelt and his administration are heartily commended, and the State's support of his re-election in 1904 is pledged. Reciprocity with Cuba is particularly commended, "to the end that our past contributions may not be imperiled, but that prosperity and independence may go hand in hand." The only State issue referred

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to is enactment of such laws as will remedy any defects that may exist in the present system of popular suffrage. No reference whatever is made to the present State administration.

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The Mine Owners' Side

President Roosevelt's appointment of Commissioner Wright to inquire into the anthracite coal strike led the railroad companies in control of the mines to abandon their previous policy of silence respecting the merits of the dispute and state to the public their side of the controversy. The statement issued includes the replies of the Presidents of the different roads to Mr. Mitchell's letters asking for yearly agreements between operators and workers covering the whole anthracite field, twenty per cent. better terms for the workers, and arbitration through the Civic Federation to secure the settlement of points of difference. President Baer, of the Reading, puts the railroads' side most strongly, and we therefore condense his statement. The main points are as follows:

1. In the judgment of the companies I represent, it is impracticable to form a wage scale for the whole anthracite region. The mining of anthracite coal is entirely different from that of bituminous coal.

2. This company does not favor the plan of having its relations with the miners disturbed every year, by holding a conference between persons who are not interested in anthracite mining and cannot have the technical knowledge of the varying conditions at each colliery.

3. We will always receive and consider every application of the men in our employ. We will endeavor to correct every abuse, to right every wrong, to deal justly and fairly with them, and to give to every man a fair compensation for the work he performs. Beyond this we cannot go.

4. The experience in the past year has not been satisfactory. There cannot be two masters in the management of business. You cannot have discipline when the employee disregards and disobeys the reasonable orders and directions in the conduct of business of his superior officer, relying upon some outside power to sustain him.

5. Your organizations have no power to enforce their decrees and thereby insure discipline, and we have no power to maintain discipline except the power to discharge. The moment we exercise this power we would be subjected to an inquisitorial and ineffective supervision, without any certainty as to how or when it will be possible to reach a righteous decision or to enforce that decision when reached.

6. A careful analysis of the results of last year's operations shows that the efficiency of our own mines has decreased 1,000,000 tons, because the contract miners have worked only four and a half to six hours a day. The number of tons produced by each miner has decreased from eleven to seventeen per cent. The average shows a decrease of about twelve and a half per cent.

7. We gave you the figures showing the cost of mining and marketing coal, and the sums realized therefrom in the market, in the hope of convincing you that it was absolutely impracticable to increase wages. To your suggestion that the price of coal should be increased to the public, our answer was that this was not only undesirable, but, in view of the sharp competition of bituminous coal, it was impossible.

8. Anthracite mining is a business and not a religious, sentimental, or academic proposition. The laws organizing the companies I represent in express terms impose the business management on the President and Directors. I could not, if I would, delegate this business management to even so highly respectable a body as the Civic Federation.

The other letters of the railroad presidents put substantially the same points in a different form, Mr. Thomas, of the Erie, adding that his company's opposition to the union is based in part upon its opposition to the employment of non-union men. "It is," he declares, "the inalienable right of a man to labor, without regard to nationality, creed, or association. To seek to prevent it is a crime, and we cannot even by implication sanction such a course."

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The Real Issue

There can be no difference of opinion as to the ability and effectiveness of the statements which the operators have issued, and the reply which President Mitchell promises will be awaited with interest. Especially will it be his duty to meet President Baer's declaration that he suggested a further increase in the price of coal to the public in order that the railroads might grant the miners' demands without loss to themselves. Two years ago the public was willing, if necessary, to have the price of coal advanced eight or nine cents a ton in order that the miners might get their ten per cent. increase in wages, but since the concession of the miners' demand was followed by an advance of forty cents a ton in the price of coal, or four times the increase in the labor cost, the public has not been willing to pay another advance. Those who sympathize most strongly with President Mitchell's conten-

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tion that the coal operators, and particularly the railroads, are able to grant their men better terms, will condemn most strongly the offer of the labor monopoly to combine with the anthracite monopoly to assess the public and divide the proceeds. The other points made by President Baer will, in the main, be accepted or rejected according as the reader believes or disbelieves in the right of laborers to organize as effectively as their employers in order to make collective bargains. From the statement of President Baer and his colleagues it appears that the real issue from their point of view is the power of the union. It is against the union that four-fifths of their arguments are directed. The validity of these arguments cannot be discussed within the limits of this paragraph. The broad claim of the operators that the efficiency of labor is necessarily impaired by the presence of the union, and the divided allegiance it involves, runs counter to the fact, everywhere known, that the efficiency of labor is highest precisely in those countries in which unions are strongest. Nevertheless, even in those countries there have been union regulations—and many attempts at such regulations—which have hampered production. President Baer claims that in the anthracite mines the union has reduced the productiveness of labor 12½ per cent. If this be true, then the bulk of the miners and their helpers are receiving less than formerly, despite their ten per cent. increase in wages—for they are paid by the ton. The matter is one for investigation, such as the Civic Federation proposed. The point in President Baer's statement which concerns the public is the attack upon the Civic Federation's proposal of arbitration. This body neither posed as experts in coal matters nor urged that its own members serve as arbitrators. It did not even contend that certain questions of principle be submitted to arbitration. It did, however, recommend that impartial arbitrators be secured before whom the evidence of the operators could be presented as effectively as the evidence of the miners, and that the decision of these arbitrators be accepted by both sides regarding questions of hours and wages. There was no reason to fear unfair terms from such a tribunal.

At Princeton By far the most interesting academic event of last week was the unexpected retirement of President Patton, of Princeton University, and the appointment of Professor Woodrow Wilson to succeed him. It does not often happen that a man leaves a great institution in the prime of life and in the full tide of success, but Dr. Patton has always cared more for the vocation of the scholar than for that of the administrator, and he has given up a great administrative position in order that he may return to his own field of labor. Dr. Patton's resignation evoked the warmest expressions of appreciation of his services to the University. He will retain the chair of Ethics in the College, and a professorship in the Theological Seminary. He has declined the presidency of the Seminary. A considerable amount of money was raised on very short notice to increase his academic salary. Dr. Wilson's appointment is from every point of view an ideal one. He is a man in the early prime of life, a graduate of Princeton, a student at the University of Virginia and at the Johns Hopkins University, a scholar in the field of history of very large acquirements, an accomplished writer, with a fine sense of literature as well as ample resources of knowledge, and an impressive and effective speaker. His attractive personality, vigorous character, and thoroughly trained mind qualify him pre-eminently to be a leader of young men, while his skill as an executive and his natural energy will be of great service to an institution which must largely modify in one form or another its organization and its curriculum during the next twenty years. Although a very large institution with important post-graduate departments, the strength of Princeton is still in its undergraduate courses, and these courses are very largely conducted along old college lines, with reference to discipline quite as much as the acquirement and impartation of knowledge, and with the old-time discrimination between different subjects in the matter of educational values. During the next decade Princeton will be one of the institutions which must choose its line of policy for the future. Whether it will follow the lead of Harvard and accept the elective system in its entirety and follow it to its logical conclusion, or

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the group system of the Johns Hopkins University; whether it will model itself upon German or English lines, or fashion for itself a distinctly American conception of the function of the college and its relation to the university—these are among the questions which Dr. Wilson will have to face. His appointment adds materially to the strength of the teaching force of the country on its highest plane, and he will carry into his new field of work qualities of character and of personality which will be quite as important as his equipment or his intellectual gifts.

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Other Commencements

Commencement season is marked by the signs of growth and expansion of material equipment and teaching facilities which of late years have been the rule among American institutions of the higher learning. Bryn Mawr celebrated its Commencement with unusual satisfaction, because, largely by the efforts of the President, Miss Thomas, the task of securing the fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars necessary to be raised in order to obtain an equal amount from Mr. Rockefeller had been accomplished, and Bryn Mawr received in consequence an addition to its endowment of half a million dollars. Vassar announces the gift of a very complete and beautiful library, which will add materially to its equipment and greatly to its architectural effectiveness. Wells College reports an addition of nearly one hundred thousand dollars to its endowment. The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who has gone to England as a special representative of the United States Government at the coronation of the King, received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Oxford University. The Degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon Professor Horatio W. Parker, of Yale University, with generous comment on his eminence in his profession and his service to the art of music in this country, and with cordial recognition of the importance attached to his work in England. Among the recipients of honorary degrees at the Commencement of Columbia University was Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., an ecclesiastic whose literary tastes and accomplishments have given him an eminent position, not only in the Roman Catholic Church, but among men of letters everywhere, and whose selection for this honor by Columbia is a worthy recognition of his rare qualities.

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The West Point Anniversary

The centennial anniversary of the United States Military Academy, unquestionably the most efficient institution for training army officers in the world, was celebrated last week. West Point, environed by scenery of romantic beauty and embellished by a hundred years of governmental care, was the scene of the celebration. The brilliancy of June days, interrupted somewhat by thunder-storms such as often sweep down the valley of the Hudson, supplied a fit setting for the spectacle of the military maneuvers. Among the visitors were Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Congressional representatives, college presidents, and delegates from foreign governments—some in staid civilian dress, others in the bright colors of military uniforms. The presence on the same platform of many of the most distinguished surviving officers of the Civil War, both Union and Confederate, added a picturesque and significant element to the celebration. On Monday the notable events were the addresses of General Schofield, a Union veteran; General T. J. Wood, a veteran of the Mexican War; General Alexander, ex-Confederate; and General McClernand, an officer during the war with Spain. Tuesday was given over mainly to military exhibitions and athletic sports. On Wednesday President Roosevelt, Ambassador Porter, and Secretary Root made the chief addresses, the latter being the orator of the day. General Porter's address was a vigorous defense of the army and a rebuke of mere fault-finding. The President praised the democratic spirit of West Point and the efficiency of its graduates, and emphasized, in closing, the purpose of the Academy to give men a sense of individual moral responsibility to their country—a responsibility more than ever made individual by the conditions of modern warfare. Secretary Root, in his speech, described the achievement of the army in the past few years, and declared that its officers and men should "not be condemned un-

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heard." A feature of the day was the presentation by the President of a medal awarded by Congress to Cadet Titus, who, as a bugler in the army in China, was the first to scale the wall of Pekin. On Thursday the President delivered to the cadets of the graduating class their diplomas, characteristically greeting each man. Again Secretary Root addressed the cadets, pointing out the American principle of subordinating the military to the civil government, and illustrating, by citing the career of General Chaffee, the value of unpretentious, conscientious work. His words are worth quoting:

> A young officer in the army received a high volunteer commission, and among those placed under him were many who were his seniors in service and years. One of these old soldiers had been a regimental commander when the young officer was in his nurse's arms. But the old veteran continued to perform his arduous and often almost slavish duties without a sign of complaint. He acted like a brave and loyal soldier. He must have felt that it was hard for him to serve under his junior, but no word or look revealed his feeling.
>
> Then there came a time when an officer had to be sent to a foreign land on a service involving the credit of his country. The power which selected the officer was vested in a man who had seen the uncomplaining service of the old veteran, and that veteran, General Adna R. Chaffee, was chosen by the President to command the army in China, and later to take charge of the Department of the Philippines.

The presence of the Commander-in-Chief of the army in plain civilian dress, the reiteration in General Miles's speech of what the Secretary of War had said about the supremacy of civil over military organizations, and the references to the functions of an army as an agent for peace even more than for war—all were indications of the position of the American army, not as a master, but as a great and efficient servant of the people.

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The Possibility of a British Imperial Customs Union

One of the notable signs of change in British politics has been the recent growth of opinion in influential quarters in regard to an imperial customs union. Of the extent to which this change is reflected among the masses there is no sufficient means of judging; but among prominent men it is noticeable, especially in the colonies. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, who is widely known through his books on China and the Chinese question, read an elaborate paper a few days ago in London in which he advocated a modification of the existing system, and it was supported by the majority of a representative and intelligent audience. Part of the British Cabinet, notably Mr. Chamberlain and possibly Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, favor the same policy, while of the five colonial Premiers soon to meet in London, three, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada, the Hon. Mr. Seddon, of New Zealand, and Sir Gordon Sprigg, of Cape Colony, are strongly in favor of a customs union by which the colonies can secure a preference in the British market. It is noteworthy also that an increasing number of writers in the British magazines and reviews have declared themselves on the same side. Some of these statesmen, including Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, were a few years ago convinced and outspoken free-traders, and the fact that their views have been, so far as they concern the tariff question in relation to the unity of the Empire, substantially modified recently is full of suggestive possibilities for the future. The recent Bury election in the Lancashire district was, of course, a distinct repudiation of the preferential tariff idea, but in Lancashire it would be unreasonable to expect anything else. Much depends upon whether the British artisan has precisely the same view of the cheap loaf that was bequeathed to him by the Cobden propaganda. It has been said that he, too, has become partly an imperialist, at least so far as the protection of British manufactures is concerned, and that his vote is no longer solid for free trade. Nothing but a general election could decide this; but in the meantime it cannot be doubted that the leaven of an imperial customs union is working.

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After the War

Nothing has given so much promise for the future prosperity and advancement of the people of South Africa as the admirable spirit shown by the Boers since the termination of the war. Already the war is beginning to find subordinate place in thoughts about South Africa, and restorative and constructive measures are taking its place. The discretion of the British in making

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the terms of peace liberal has been already justified in the expressions of loyalty to the British Government that have come from even those Boers who have been the most determined fighters. The unexpected but not incredible statement is made that the chief bitterness resulting from the war is that felt by the Boers toward those European nations, especially France and Germany, that encouraged them to protract the war. Commandant Kemp, one of the leaders who had been averse to surrender, has brought in his command of 1,900 men and declared his acquiescence in the result of the war. General De Wet, who has become more than ever the hero of the burghers, in an address to the people declared: "However bitter it may be, the time has now come to lay down our arms. As Christian people, God now demands that we be faithful to our new government. Let us submit to His decision." On Monday of this week 16,500 Boers were reported as having surrendered. Much of the ammunition of the Boers of the Orange River Colony has been used in hunting since the peace agreement was signed, and therefore only a small percentage has been turned over to the British. The message from the King to the burghers, congratulating them on the effectiveness of their fighting, was received with cheers. The work of restoration is to be aided by the Repatriation Committee. The "concentration camps" are to be transformed into supply depots from which the men can obtain supplies for restocking their farms. In the meanwhile the Government offers to maintain their wives and families. The burghers who fought as scouts on the British side will immediately disband. They have not been the object of their compatriots' resentment as it was expected they would be. The Boers admit that they received ammunition through Portuguese territory. An outcome of the peace agreement that has proved troublesome to the British is the arrival of Colonel Lynch in England. He is an Irishman, a British subject, who raised a regiment for the Boers and fought against the army of his own Government. During the war he was elected by the voters of Galway as a member of Parliament. He was arrested on his arrival in England and charged, before a London Police Court, with high treason. As a British subject he has laid himself open to capital punishment; but the peace terms promise colonial British subjects who have been in arms against Great Britain exemption from capital punishment. It is probable that these provisions will be extended to such cases as that of Colonel Lynch. On the other hand, it seems preposterous for the British Government to admit a traitor into Parliament. The dilemma has afforded the Irish Nationalists an opportunity for "heckling" the Ministry. Colonel Lynch is prosecuted by the Solicitor-General, and defended by a nephew of Baron Russell of Killowen.

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The Natives in South Africa and the Franchise

The question of granting the franchise to the natives of South Africa will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government. This is the condition imposed by the eighth article of the peace terms, and is in part a politic provision for facilitating Boer adherence to the new régime. Doubtless the relegation of this question to a future more or less indefinite was highly satisfactory to the Boer leaders; but it concerns a question which, after all, must be settled on British lines, though not necessarily the same that have governed the native question in other British colonies. Conditions of extraordinary difficulty and complexity beset this part of South African reconstruction. South of the Zambesi there are about 8,000,000 blacks, as against a total white population of between 700,000 and 800,000—a proportion of about ten to one. The effect of the war upon these tribes was disturbing, but without doubt their sympathies were mostly with the British, whose victory assures them exemption from galling burdens, and is one great step toward the final decision as to their political rights. We are assured by competent writers on this question that, however liberal may be British intention as outlined in newspaper despatches from London, the British colonist in South Africa shares in many respects the Boer aversion to granting the franchise to natives. But the colonist, while he recognizes the utter incompetence of the native in political life, would like to treat him as a British subject in a state of tutelage and not likely soon to emerge therefrom. The reconcilement of these two different

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attitudes must be largely the work of time, and in the meanwhile must wait upon the introduction of self-government in the conquered colonies.

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Present Conditions

It should not be overlooked that the Kaffirs of Cape Colony already enjoy the franchise on equal terms with the whites, though, from the inability of the great majority to attain electoral qualifications, the Kaffir vote is not influential. They can also acquire land, and they have a limited share in educational privileges. In neither Cape Colony nor Natal, however, would the white population tolerate the thought of a native vote ever gaining such proportions as would amount to a balance of power in deciding any important question. In the Transvaal and Free State the natives could not, under Boer rule, acquire land, nor move about without permits, and they were destitute of political rights. It is, however, by no means certain that the natives in the two conquered colonies will get any political rights for some time; and when they do get them, they are not likely to be extensive or important. But natives are unquestionably assured of freedom from further apprehension, and their labor will be used largely in the rougher and physical side of reconstruction. The great fact which the close of the war will emphasize has already been admitted by South African statesmen. It is that the changed situation will tend to unite British and Boers in the solidarity of a ruling population, the economic masters and disposers of the labor of the blacks.

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Threatened Removal of Dr. Beet

A question of serious interest to Methodist churches awaits decision in the British Wesleyan Conference to be held in July. Professor J. Agar Beet, the ablest expositor of the Scriptures in that denomination, is threatened with removal from the chair which he has held for seventeen years in the Wesleyan College at Richmond, near London. Wesleyan appointments are made for a term of six years only. The renomination which Dr. Beet had good cause to expect this year, as heretofore, has been refused, and Dr. Findlay has been nominated in his stead. The movement to displace him is because of his publications on the vexed question of future retribution. The Outlook briefly reviewed, December 7, 1901, Dr. Beet's latest utterance on this subject, entitled "The Immortality of the Soul, A Protest." The "protest" opposed on strictly exegetical grounds the idea that the essential and endless permanence of every human soul, as taught by Plato, is a doctrine of the Scriptures. On the other hand, it also denied that either the endless suffering or the extinction of the wicked is taught in the Scriptures. The ultimate question, what becomes of "ruined souls," Dr. Beet refuses to dogmatize upon, and leaves in mystery as something unrevealed. This book, however, is substantially a restatement of his book on "The Last Things," published a few years earlier, but withdrawn from circulation in 1898 at the urging of friends, and in a desire not to divert interest from the movement for raising the Twentieth Century Fund. The Synod of 1898, moreover, voted without dissent that it was unnecessary and undesirable to take any action against Dr. Beet on account of this book. Now that the Twentieth Century Fund is out of the way, the refusal to renominate Dr. Beet has reopened the question, and the matter will have to be threshed out. In prospect of this Dr. Beet has issued a full statement of his case to the six hundred ministers and laymen who will have to pass judgment upon it. In this he exhibits the great change that has taken place in Methodist opinion regarding the future of the "lost," and says that very few Wesleyan ministers now adhere to Wesley's teaching concerning it. He also points to the fact that in the revised Wesleyan catechism every reference to a state of endless suffering has been expunged. Dr. Beet's statement has been reinforced by a testimonial signed by a large number of his former pupils in expression of their confidence and their indebtedness to his teachings. Such is the international reputation which Dr. Beet has gained by his work as an exegete of Scripture that he can afford to be removed much better than the Conference can afford to remove him on any such ground as is in sight. The issue will be awaited with interest, to see whether British Wesleyanism is capable of the

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sanity of judgment recently shown by Scotch Presbyterianism in the case of Professor Smith.

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The Moody Schools

There were two elements in the work of Mr. Dwight L. Moody which, in form at least, were very distinct. The one may be called evangelistic, the other educational. The success of the former is known to every one. Indeed, it may have obscured in the public mind the no less religious work of education which Mr. Moody carried on. He was thought of pre-eminently as an evangelist. To those who knew him best, however, he was as truly an educator. The highest tribute to Mr. Moody's power has been the continuance of both the evangelistic and the educational work which he established. His evangelistic work crystallized before his death in the summer conferences which are held each year at East Northfield, Massachusetts. This year's sessions are to open on June 27 with the students' conference. Naturally, these conferences are the best-known part of Mr. Moody's religious legacy, partly because they are to a certain extent spectacular, partly because they are personified by a leader, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who has in his own way what Mr. Moody had in his—that which is called magnetism. The schools, however, which Mr. Moody established are probably even more representative of his permanent influence than the conferences, and are more likely to be the chief monument to his character. The very fact that the work they do is unobtrusive, and therefore not dependent for success upon devices for winning popularity, gives them stability and promises them permanence. The schools are situated in that part of the Connecticut Valley where the three States, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire, join. The seminary for girls is on one side of the valley at East Northfield, Mass.; the school for boys is on the opposite slope at Mount Hermon. They are identical in aim, though distinct in organization. Both are for students of good character and serious purpose who, because of some limitation in means or opportunity, cannot go to other schools; both have a threefold aim in their methods of education—religious, intellectual, industrial. The religious spirit of both schools is that of evangelical Christianity. It is a mistake, however, which is often made, to conclude that either school is specifically a training-school for religious workers; each is rather a school of the rank of an academy intended to provide, on the one hand, a preparation for college, on the other hand as broad an education as possible for those who cannot take a collegiate course. The honorable record of the graduates who have entered colleges is a witness to the high intellectual standards of both schools. Industrial education is also essential in the curriculum of each school. At the seminary every girl gets practical training in housekeeping; at Mount Hermon, where there are over a thousand acres in the school property, the boys do all the farm work. The educational work thus broadly conceived by the founder, and carried on by his son, Mr. William R. Moody, with wisdom and enthusiasm, ought to be well known and strongly supported.

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Endless Chain Humbugs

Endless chains are rapidly rising from the insignificance of a pest into the dignity of a pestilence. For months one catch-penny scheme has followed another, cheating the credulous and boring the good-natured, until it would seem that both the credulity and the good nature of the country had been exhausted; but the number of these schemes goes on increasing, and appears to be as endless as the chains themselves. At first they were used chiefly for philanthropic purposes, but this past year they have been used even more largely for commercial purposes, and now it appears they are being used for a mixture of both. A subscriber in San Francisco writes asking us whether we approve of the endless-chain circular that is being sent out by the Patriotic League of this city, and in answering his letter we must give our judgment of all schemes of this sort. The Patriotic League was formed to spread the knowledge of civil government by organizing among school children city governments after the manner of "Junior Republics." The plan has received the approval of a good many educators, and the Patriotic League has secured as Vice-Presidents and members of its Advisory

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Board citizens of the highest distinction; among them President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Robert Fulton Cutting, and other leaders in civic reform work. The purpose of the League seems commendable, but this only makes the worse the adoption of questionable means to support it. In the circular sent to us the League is now asking people all over the country to become "participating members" at a fee of three dollars a year, each to secure four other participating members who in turn shall each secure another four, and so on—promising such members cumulative commissions that may aggregate "hundreds of dollars." The circular contains an elaborate diagram, and reads in part as follows:

> This is a perfectly sound and workable proposition. Two dollars are set aside out of every group to pay commissions; one dollar to the member who secured the group, and one dollar to the original member in the participating line. . . . You receive for the first group one dollar. When both members secure new groups, they will give you an additional two dollars. This goes on doubling. The next series will give you four dollars, the next series eight dollars, the next sixteen dollars, and so on. The diagram shows a total of thirty-one dollars as commissions on only five series; but the series increases as fast as members secure new groups, and as your commissions double with each new series, the possible commissions are enormous.

It all looks very simple in the diagram, and the names of the Vice-Presidents and members of the Advisory Board are extremely seductive, though probably no one of them was ever consulted respecting this scheme. To all those who are looking out for methods by which they may at the same time serve God and mammon, there is something peculiarly attractive about the concluding paragraph: "The participating memberships are so remunerative that a man would receive a large return by making a present of memberships to four of his friends, asking each in return to secure a new group. He would be serving a noble cause and benefiting himself and his friends." The difficulty about the plan, as will appear to any one who makes the necessary mathematical calculation, is that the population of the United States is limited, and the number of people inclined to give three dollars a year for the organization of city councils, courts, boards of health, etc., in the grammar schools is more limited still. Yet, in order for the participating members to secure the commissions amounting to "hundreds of dollars," of which the prospectus speaks, all of the civic reformers in the United States would have to rejoin the League every few hours. The diagram shows "only five series." Yet if even a thousand participating members hope to secure commissions from "only five" series, they must enroll a million members at three dollars a year, and if they hope to secure one hundred dollars of commissions, they must secure sixty-five millions. Either every man, woman, and child in the country must be enrolled, or else the civic reformers must bore each other incessantly until all are bored to death. Those who wish to support the Patriotic League will be richer in money, in friends, and in self-respect if they give what they can as gifts, and add nothing in the hope of returns.

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The Winston-Salem Academy

The recent celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Academy at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, called together a great multitude of the friends of that venerable and interesting institution, and afforded another evidence of the leadership which the State has secured in the educational life of the New South. The section about Winston-Salem was settled a century and a half ago by a small band of Moravians. In 1802 the Academy was opened to young women, and through all the vicissitudes of the war was never closed. It was, in point of time, the earliest school for the higher education of women in the South. Its history for many years was an epitome of the social life of the old South, full of variety, picturesqueness, and charm. Many of the foremost women of the South were its graduates. Although both Federal and Confederate armies passed and repassed through the neighborhood, the work of the school was never suspended. There were always pupils, although there was sometimes a question as to where the food for them was to be secured. Since the war the school has felt the breath of the new time, has increased in numbers and in facilities, has adopted new methods, and has at the present time

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nearly four hundred students, drawn not only from the South but from several Northern States. The centennial exercises were pervaded by warmth and enthusiasm. One of the chief figures and the special guest of honor of the occasion was Governor Aycock, who is known in the South as "the educational statesman."

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A Plain Issue

In two successive messages to Congress President McKinley urged that our relations with the people of Cuba should be of the most friendly character, and "our commercial relations close and reciprocal. . . . We have accepted a trust, the fulfillment of which calls for the sternest integrity of purpose and the exercise of the highest wisdom. The New Cuba yet to arise from the ashes of the past must needs be bound to us by ties of singular intimacy and strength if its enduring welfare is to be assured. . . . The greatest blessing which can come to Cuba is the restoration of her agricultural and industrial prosperity." Last December, in his message to Congress, President Roosevelt urged the necessity of "providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States," basing his claim on what he described as "weighty reasons of morality and national interest." "Cuba," he said, "has in her constitution affirmed that she desired that she should stand, in international matters, in closer and more friendly relations with us than any other Power, and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures for her material well-being." Early in the present session of Congress measures for the relief of Cuba along the lines suggested by two Republican Presidents, and in fulfillment of the pledges of the Republican party and of the Government to the Cubans, were introduced. Those measures have been fought by the use of every expedient of delay since the beginning of the session. That the country is behind those measures is the belief of the best-informed men. Three leading Republican States in recent convention have supported the policy of two Republican Presidents; against that policy is arrayed a single business interest. Attempts have been made to befog the issue by all sorts of irrelevant matters, and to make the indiscretion of an incorruptible man the occasion of discrediting a policy of National honor and of the highest commercial importance.

Until last week President Roosevelt wisely contented himself with urging upon Congress, through leading Representatives and Senators, the necessity of keeping the National pledges, of carrying out the Republican policy, and of doing justice to Cuba. On Friday, however, he sent a special message to Congress, which was characteristically frank, direct, and courageous, full of that quality which has bound the people of the United States, without respect to party, to the President as an incorruptible and courageous man, and has put him in a position to render the highest possible service to the Nation.

President Roosevelt recalls the attitude of President McKinley and his own attitude towards the question of reciprocity, and recites the fact that he has received a most earnest appeal from President Palma "for legislative relief before it is too late and the country financially ruined." He emphasizes the further facts that reciprocity with Cuba is a proposition which stands by itself, with reasons behind it which far outweigh those for establishing reciprocity with any other nation, and which are consistent with preserving intact the protective system in this country. He declares that the present tariff law was designed to promote the adoption of such reciprocity treaties, and expressly provides for a reduction, not to exceed twenty per cent., upon goods coming from a particular country, leaving the tariff rates on the same articles unchanged as regards all other countries. In his judgment, provision can be made which will guarantee this country against the possibility that the substantial benefit of such a reduction should not go to the agricultural producer of sugar, but to American sugar-refiners. In the President's opinion, no American industry will be hurt and many industries will be benefited, for it is clearly to the advantage of the United States as a nation that the growing Cuban market should be controlled by American producers. "We expect Cuba to treat us on an exceptional footing politically, and we ought to put her on the same footing

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economically." In return for the special obligations as regards her international position which Cuba has assumed on our behalf, we ought to make special economic concessions to her. So far, we have kept faith with her, and our dealings with her during the last four years have been in the highest degree creditable. If we desire to play well our part as a world power, we must carry on our dealings with Cuba in the same spirit which has so far been adopted. "We are a wealthy and powerful Nation; Cuba is a young Republic, still weak, who owes to us her birth, whose whole future, whose very life, must depend on our attitude to her. I ask that we help her as she struggles upward along the painful and difficult road of self-governing independence." Cuba needs this aid because she is weak; we owe it to her because we are strong. We have given her her freedom, we have reorganized her society; we ought now to give her a chance to establish herself on a firm basis economically. To give her freedom and impoverish her would be, not only an act of National injustice, but a piece of wanton irony, the like of which has not recently been recorded in history.

This ringing message, rehearsing the consistency of the Republican policy, emphasizing the duty of the Nation, and lifting the whole question to the highest level of international morality, has cleared the air and has made reciprocity a definite Republican issue. The President assumes the leadership of the party by assuming the leadership of the country. That he has the whole country behind him there is not the slightest doubt; that the man who opposes reciprocity in the interest of any single industry will bring disaster upon his own personal fortunes there is no question. The duty of Congress is plain; the responsibility of the Republican majority unmistakable. Any question as to the possibility of any trust's incidentally making money out of the passage of the reciprocity measure, or the wisdom of the action of any official of the United States, is beside the mark. The only issue is the consistent carrying out of the pledges of the Republican party, of the promises of its two Presidents, and of the will of the country. Congress cannot take action too decisively and too speedily.

Commissioner Jones and the Standing Rock Case

The United States Senate, in accordance with a report of its Committee on Indian Affairs, has completely exonerated Commissioner Jones from a charge made against him in a letter written by Mr. William V. Wade, of Wade, North Dakota. In this letter Mr. Wade, in speaking of the Sioux Indians, referred to what he termed "the renting of their reservation to a company in which the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is connected." At the investigation before the Senate sub-committee Mr. Wade absolutely failed to substantiate this serious charge. He could only testify vaguely that he had heard from unnamed persons reports of this kind, and the nearest approach to definiteness in his testimony was the statement that Indian Agent Bingenheimer had said, in reply to a question as to whether Commissioner Jones was interested in the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, "I understand so." Since the investigation Mr. Wade has written a letter to Commissioner Jones in which he admits that the letter on which the charge was based did Mr. Jones a great injustice, and states his own present belief that Mr. Jones has been completely exonerated on this point.

The Outlook has received from Commissioner Jones a letter relating to this matter, in which he says: "On March 29 you published an article by Mr. George Kennan containing a charge of flagrant official corruption against me. That charge has, at my request, been investigated by a sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs." Mr. Jones adds: "The charge has been shown to have been unfounded." In point of fact, the charge which has just been investigated, and in regard to which the Senate Committee has justly and properly exonerated Mr. Jones, was not made by The Outlook, nor by Mr. Kennan, but by Mr. Wade. It is true that in Mr. Kennan's article of March 29 he incidentally stated that such a letter had been written, and quoted from it, thus merely stating an existing fact which was already widely known to many; but Mr. Kennan made no expression of opinion as to the truth of

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Mr. Wade's letter, and, indeed, added that he had no means of finding out whether the charge was well founded or not. In so far, however, as Mr. Wade's unfounded charge against Mr. Jones has by this incidental allusion received circulation, The Outlook is anxious to give the exoneration the fullest possible publicity, and to state its belief that the action of the Senate was right, and that no other action was possible.

Having said this, however, it is proper to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the Senate investigation just held related solely to the single personal charge made in Mr. Wade's letter. The investigation did not in the slightest measure cover the criticisms made by Mr. Kennan on the history of the leasing of the cattle lands belonging to the Standing Rock Indians. It is understood that the entire matter is being looked into by the Administration, and later on we hope to tell our readers just what conditions have been found to exist. Meanwhile, it is sufficient to say that there is nothing in the Senate investigation which has disproved the positions taken by Mr. Kennan in his articles in The Outlook of March 29 and May 3. If any of our readers are not acquainted with the issues involved in this Standing Rock Indian case, we hope that they will turn to those articles and compare them with the reply from Commissioner Jones to the first article, published in our issue of April 19. They will then be able to judge whether the interests of the Indians themselves were or were not safeguarded by the Commissioner as they should have been, or whether the Indians were driven into consenting to make cattle-land leases against their own wishes and in opposition to what they considered their interest. The Indian view of the matter is strikingly brought out in the report of the speeches made by the Indians in council, included in Mr. Kennan's second article—a report which is not only impressive, but is genuinely eloquent.

Mr. Kennan's view of the matter is expressed in one paragraph, which we may quote:

> These Indians are not loafers or idlers. . . . They seem to have done their level best to earn their own living on a semi-barren, semi-arid reservation where there is little work to be had; where agricultural crops fail two years out of three on account of drought; and where cattle-raising is almost the only possible industry. Instead of recognizing their efforts to do what they can while they are accumulating enough cattle for self-support, the Indian Office cuts down their rations fifty per cent.; gives them notice of another impending cut of fifty per cent.; threatens them with the permit system in order to force them to consent to a lease; ignores the terms and conditions of the consent thus obtained; turns cattlemen and half-wild Texan cattle into the occupied parts of their reservation; and, finally, when they protest, tells them, through its Agent, that they will have to starve if they do not submit, and that they had better keep quiet and sell fence-posts to the lessees at six and a quarter cents apiece!

Whether this statement of facts is correct or not is a fair subject for future discussion; The Outlook believes that Mr. Kennan's criticisms were justified and have been sustained by the evidence so far adduced. What we are pointing out now is that this statement of facts and all the questions involved by them are not in any way affected by the truth or falsity of what now appears to be a reckless charge made by Mr. Wade in a private letter.

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Arbitration and War

The fact that the Conference at The Hague was contemporaneous with the beginning, or speedily followed by, two small but extremely trying and difficult wars, led many people of the class who are always ready to pronounce on the history of the world every morning and to pass final judgment on great measures and vast movements before they have really defined their direction, to declare promptly that the Conference was a failure and that nothing could come of it; forgetting the immense significance of the mere coming together of such a body of men for such a purpose, by authority of the great governments of the world. The assemblage of the Conference was in itself, looked at against the background of the European history of the last three hundred years, an event of world-wide importance, one of the great registering points of human progress.

It is interesting to note that the first dispute which has been submitted to the International Court of Arbitration organized by the Conference is brought to that august tribunal by two countries in the

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New World, Mexico and the United States. One cannot help feeling that it is significant that the first submission of an international case to this first of international courts should have been made by two republics of the New World. This is by no means the first time that the United States has invoked arbitration instead of the sword. The provision in the Jay treaty of 1794 for the reference of disputes to mixed commissions was prophetic of the day when a mixed commission should be organized for continuous action; and the swords beaten into plowshares which are exhibited in the room in Geneva in which the Conference sat which determined the Alabama claims, converted a figure of speech into a historic action under the initiative of the United States. Few people are aware, perhaps, of the progress which has been made in the application of the substitution of the method of arbitration for war, because people remember wars and forget arbitrations. As a matter of fact, within the last century there have been nearly a hundred cases of arbitration, and nearly as many instances in which mixed commissions have been appointed to settle disputed matters.

It is by no means improbable that the world will see other and great wars in the future; but society becomes every year more critical of wars, and nations become every decade more reluctant to enter upon them; not only because modern warfare is so frightfully expensive and the governments of the world are already so heavily loaded with debt, but because the mind of humanity to-day shrinks from the inevitable horrors of war and rebels against its simple necessities. Those who have believed, as The Outlook has, that the United States had no alternative in the Philippines except to stay there and secure order, that under peaceful conditions permanent government of some kind might be established, have hated the methods of war and deplored the necessity of war quite as much as those who have watched the record of every day for the purpose of fastening upon some new bit of inhumanity, some unrecorded cruelty. The war in South Africa has given satisfaction to no one. Even those who believe that it was inevitable have deeply regretted it.

The outcry against war has sometimes of late years been hysterical and irrational; but when it has been most hysterical and irrational it has revealed none the less distinctly the repugnance which modern society feels toward war and its growing sensitiveness to the inevitable cruelties of war. As a matter of fact, things which now arouse a storm of indignation would have passed twenty years ago without notice. They were taken for granted because war was taken for granted; but to-day war is no longer taken for granted, and the inevitable measures which must be taken in war call out a shuddering protest from a society which not long ago ignored or acquiesced in them. There may come another war, and if it does, a host of people will cry out that the Hague Conference was a failure; but the Hague Conference is not a failure, and another war, if it should come, will not prove that the world has made no progress. Society hates war, and no war can be waged in the future without ample justification. The dynastic war and the war for conquest are things of the past.

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The Change of Religious Emphasis

The two courses of lectures given this year at Yale by clergymen so conspicuously representative of present-day thought as Bishop Potter and Dr. Gladden, the former on "The Citizen's Relation to Industrial Problems," the latter on "Social Salvation," signalize a movement in the Church which deserves attention from the representative men of the labor unions. Their indifference or hostility to the Church, as described in Mr. Stelzle's paper on "The Workingman's Church," in The Outlook of May 24, seems to be based on their conviction that "the Church does not touch the life of the world to-day;" that "workingmen have had to fight their own way to any improvement in their mental, moral, and physical conditions, absolutely unaided by the Church, and sometimes in spite of it."

Letting this statement stand without any sifting of its blended truth and error, fairness cannot overlook a fact to be taken into account, on both sides of the temporary break between the laboring masses and the Church, by all the fair-minded

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who prefer good will to ill will; that fact is the large number of clergymen who are pronounced sympathizers with the "labor interest" in its struggle for better conditions. Of these only a few write books, but the number of these books is increasing at a noteworthy rate. Within the last four years more than half a dozen have appeared, such as Mr. Batten's "The New Citizenship," Mr. Root's "The Profit of Many," Mr. Pike's "The Divine Drama," Dr. Abbott's "Christianity and Social Problems," Dr. Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," Dr. Gladden's "Social Salvation," Dr. Strong's "Religious Movements for Social Betterment" and "The Next Great Awakening." These books indicate a large reading interest of the Church in such subjects. They also generate and educate interest in social questions in a multitude of clergymen who read them sympathetically. Reflecting minds whose memory runs back for a quarter of a century will hardly discover any more significant social phenomenon of our time than the shifting of emphasis which this growing movement indicates from an individualistic to a social conception of religion.

Workingmen are unjust to their own interests as well as to the Church, if they ignore the friends whom this movement reveals as a growing army. Certainly it is no longer as it was fifty years ago in England, where Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley raised under obloquy the standard of their Christian Socialism in a social order whose economic man was, as Ruskin said, a mere "covetous machine," that might have sat for the portrait of a lost soul.

Thirty years ago, in a manufacturing city of Massachusetts, a Congregational church opened its doors once a month throughout the winter for the free discussion of the interests of operatives from the Christian point of view. A few years later the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor (the "C. A. I. L.") was formed by Episcopal clergymen. Such reminiscences of voices not long since crying in the wilderness must be set in contrast with the chorus now speaking for the Church and to it through the press, by whoever would understand the present time and its specific religious significance. The long prevalent idea that a man's chief concern is the salvation of his soul is being supplemented by the forgotten truth of primitive Christianity, that saving others is an essential factor in self-salvation. "The soul is lost that's saved alone." Says Dr. Gladden: "One man can no more be a Christian alone than one man can sing an oratorio alone."

It is much that the social ideal of Christianity has thus far been reinstated in our time. Though much more has yet to be done to secure it adequate recognition in the Church, one can hardly fail to see the direction in which religious thought is widening with the process of the suns. Thinking men who observe what a hold municipal socialism has gained, even on conservative minds, within the last ten years, will be more ready than they were ten years ago to agree with Bishop Potter's declaration that "in Christian Socialism is the hope of the future." Indiscriminate disparagement of the Church by any who suffer under present social conditions is simply failure to see the many, both in pulpits and in pews, who are doing what they can for reform according to the social teachings of Jesus Christ. The laborer, in his aspirations for a larger and freer life, will find his true allies to-day among clergymen oftener than among politicians. What Bishop Potter has been saying at Yale has been substantially said on many a platform and by many a pen: "The only safety for society lies in the removal of the mutual misunderstanding and caste spirit which now dominate capital and labor. . . . The spirit of caste exists to-day in forms more insolent and dangerous than in any age of human history. . . . The citizen has the right to ask of every rich man two questions: 'How did you get your money?' 'What are you going to do with it?'" The significant thing here is not the words, but the speaker, a representative churchman, as influential as any in the land. They give utterance to a strong body of opinion among leaders of the Church both here and in England, if not yet among the rank and file. As far back as 1889 the Archbishop of Canterbury warned his clergy that "social and economic questions are Church questions of the deepest moment."

The socializing movement now widen-

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ing our conception of religious duty is of recent date. When a procession starts, its head is advancing before its rear has begun to move. There is still much apparent immobility in the Church. One thing, therefore, is of present importance; it is time for all who have been facing backward to face forward. On one hand, the leaders of labor unions should cease denouncing their best friends, should judge the Church, not by the past, but by the present tendency so conspicuous in her most influential spokesmen. On the other hand, the many church pastors who are still deaf to the changed emphasis of religious thought, who fail, as Dr. Strong warns them, "to appreciate, or to accept, or at least to inculcate the social teachings of Jesus," with the result of "a great deal of ignorance, of superficial religion, of self-deception, and of worldliness" in their churches, must address their attention as never before to the half of the Gospel they have neglected. Christianity cannot be pronounced a failure in modern society till the whole Gospel has been applied for social healing. And, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has said, "The effect of the Church upon society is the final test of her faithfulness."

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The Spectator

When the Spectator was planning his first visit to Scotland, an astute traveler advised him to hunt up a town there called Edinburgh. This same taste for untrodden byways led him in a recent sojourn in England to visit a quaint old village on the banks of the Thames called London. About a year ago a gentleman residing there, finding that burglars had visited his house, rushed to his telephone to communicate with the police. Imagine his consternation on learning that there was no telephone in the police station! As the idea of using the telephone would never have occurred to a Londoner at home, this gentleman must have been a foreigner. The Spectator presumes he then found on inquiry that the correct thing to do under the circumstances was to despatch his butler to the station in a hansom, a good old custom dating from the reign of Queen Anne. At the time of the search for the Liverpool bank robber, Goudie, the police were much hampered by the fact that the Scotland Yard service is not equipped with the telephone. These astonishing conditions prevail in London to-day, the local police stations having no telephone connection whatever, either with one another or the public.

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To one coming from the whirl of a metropolis to this village, the almost entire absence of the twitter of the telephone bell is, on the whole, rather soothing. Although it may be heard in the largest business or theater offices, it does not whir here, there, and everywhere, as it does even in small Western frontier towns in the United States. In private houses it is almost unknown, and to make an appointment with a friend means, as of old, a day or two for interchange of notes. The new woman, who does her marketing with various market-stalls over the 'phone, under the shelter of her own hall or at her library desk, has not yet been invented in the village of London. Perhaps, had the enterprise to introduce this convenient invention been wanting among the villagers themselves, the crowd of American electricians at present working in London would have made some headway, but for the fact that a political obstacle blocks the way in the shape of an unreconciled conflict between government and private interests.

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One morning, early in his sojourn in this interesting village, the Spectator, wishing to meet some friends arriving by the first train from Paris, sallied forth expecting to jump into the first 'bus that came along; but he waited on the steps of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, which it is needless to explain is at Charing Cross, supposed to be not only the heart of London but of the world, while precious minutes doubled and redoubled themselves, and still no 'bus came. The streets were almost deserted save for an occasional group of workmen, the baker or the milkman with his handcart. Once, twice, the old Dick Whittington chime in the steeple above tinkled through its quarter-hourly shred of song, a clerk or two joined him on the steps, and still there was no sign of the first 'bus. Do not imagine, ye early com-

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muters who read this, that dawn was just breaking. Far from it! When the first 'bus came rumbling along leisurely, it was nearly eight o'clock, and the same was true of all the other routes throughout London. Of course for those who live on the "Underground" or the "Tube" there are trains beginning as early as five o'clock, but to the majority this means a considerable walk at each end of the journey. One thing at least is always early, and that is the noise of the hammer and pick of the day-laborer, which begins at six o'clock. But, as a rule, London at eight rolls over in bed and decides on another short nap, and it is nine o'clock before she begins to stir herself for the day's work. At midnight she runs down again and sleeps as soundly as any country village not weighted down by the responsibilities of a great, imperial metropolis.

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But no such feature of the place so carries the flavor of olden customs as the stage-coaches or 'buses. London still clings to them, although there are scores of average towns in the provinces or on the Continent with cable or trolley service fully installed. The horse-cars introduced by George Francis Train are still tinkling through its streets. About twenty years ago two cable roads were started, but there the innovation stopped, until very recently, when one trolley system has been finally installed in the suburb of Shepherd's Bush. Thus the traveler wishing to transport himself back to the merry old England and its coaching days famous in song and story cannot do so better than by taking a ride on one of these 'buses. Sometimes, if the way is long or hilly, there are three horses trotting spiritedly ahead. Then there is the pull-up, as of old, at the public-houses or inns, such as "The Load of Hay" or "The Dog and Gun," where horses are watered and relays put on, the driver meanwhile having a running talk with the inn-boy who is buckling bits and bridle. "Yes, I've drove the hoff one afore. She's a hard 'un. Say, Charley, just get me another glass. What? No fear! I take after my dad. 'E drove the Brighton coach twenty-five years, and he could drink enough to wash a 'bus and never lose his 'ead. Woa!" Jolting along, full of people on top, these 'buses, when viewed from the sidewalk, have the air of old woodcuts, which not even their enormous advertisements of the best jam or the latest play can render modern-looking. Inside of them the windows will not open, twelve people render them "full up," and until the last week or two their darkness at night was made visible by one tiny oil lamp. Since that time several of the lines have made a great to-do over the introduction of acetylene lamps, by which they claim that passengers are even able to read inside; but even these have proved a failure, and the little oil lamp has been hung again on its old-time bracket. To the Spectator, accustomed to the rush of the modern electric car, shining with the polish of metal and ablaze with light, how soothing was the comfortable rumble of these village coaches—except when he had an important appointment two miles off!

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One of the curious features of this village is that, while it is the home of a great number of foreigners, and therefore has cosmopolitanism thrust upon it at all points, it never swerves from its unvarying British line of conduct. Except in certain circles, from the upper middle class or the lower upper classes upward, among whom the custom of evening dinner prevails, the respectable English custom is to serve dinner at noon, the evening meal ranging all the way from the workman's repast of tea with winkles, bloaters, or jam, to the heavy supper of game and pastry for the rich. To this custom the restaurants cater, but to the large floating colonies of foreigners to whom an evening dinner is a necessity they pay no heed. They continue complacently to serve "dinners from 12 till 3," after which hour one may whistle in vain, for no dinner will he get. As a natural result, an army of French and Italian restaurants are doing a brisk business and amassing fortunes, not only in catering for their own people, but in bringing comfort to many an English bachelor emancipated from tea and jam. Not only in the matter of service, but also in the menu, does the village restaurant cling faithfully to old custom. No effervescing imagination ever tempts an English cook to venture into the realms of the unknown and make new combinations of

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eggs, pastry, or game not sanctioned by the indorsement of his ancestral cook-books. In spite of the fact that French cooking is to be learned in all its perfection just over the Channel, and that the London market is rich in variety, its ships bringing cargoes from all climates, the London menus show the same unchanging front of joints with boiled cabbage, which, although undoubtedly healthy as a mainstay, are very monotonous. This, combined with the inevitable rhubarb or gooseberry tart or suet pudding, is the fare of rich and poor alike.

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The rural simplicity of the London Sunday is no new story, and the Spectator found that all the criticism of it has wrested very few concessions. This wonderful center begins to run down on Saturday noon, and by Sunday morning has stopped altogether. There is no lonely hamlet in the provinces, however remote, where the postman does not bring to each cottage door the Sunday morning mail, but not a letter is delivered or collected in the village of London throughout the whole of that day. Until recently it was impossible to send a telegram on Sunday except from two places—the central and the West Strand offices; now, however, the handful of district offices are open. The administrators of the village act on the supposition that every citizen on Sunday sleeps late, gets up well and happy, and goes to church. Should any one be so indiscreet as to depart from these lines, no provision is made for his convenience. There are no trains until after church hours. There are no restaurants open except the foreign ones, and, as a rule, one must know London rather well to be able to discover them in their out-of-the-way corners. There are no newspapers. No matter what battle is fought, what steamer wrecked or duke divorced, the London dailies shut their eyes and ears until the din of Monday morning comes round again. Once in its career the "Times" published a Sunday edition, in order to announce the news of a certain battle at Waterloo, and within the last year the "Telegraph" attempted the experiment, without success. Thus on Sunday the metropolis of the world turns its back to the world, and those who dislike and disapprove the Sunday paper have their own way.

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When the Spectator, coming from the snow-capped structures of New York, first visited the famous London thoroughfares of The Strand, Cheapside, Piccadilly, which have filled his imagination ever since he first turned the leaves of Charles Lamb or Thackeray, what was his surprise to find them of commonplace insignificance, being bordered for miles with small three or four story buildings, humble, not old enough to be interesting, and lacking all modern effectiveness. If one undertakes to engage offices or chambers in any of them, he finds the living arrangements in regard to plumbing and heating such as were the latest wrinkle at about the middle of the eighteenth century, and in the majority of them are neither elevators, electric lights, nor telephones. When it was announced, some time since, that American enterprise intended to erect a large office building of the American type *ten stories high*, the whole of the press of the village of London united in a chorus of horror at the possibility of such an invasion, and there was even talk of the County Council's stopping its erection.

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Perhaps a more accurate description of London would be to call it a cluster of villages. It consisted until this year of numbers of ancient parishes, each with its old church, school, and town hall, from which it administered its own affairs, and in some of them the old custom still prevails of annually beating the ancient boundary-lines with rushes. But within the last year the County Council has taken upon its shoulders the civil functions of these parishes, leaving them only an ecclesiastical power. The result of this will be merely to make one great village, unless some of the enterprise of modern times steals into its borders from without; for, possessing, as the race does so strongly, that quality of reverence for the past and its traditions which has won for them the title of "the Chinese of Europe," it is unlikely otherwise that its pristine rusticity will be disturbed. "How pleasant to retire from the whirl of modern cities and settle down in this peaceful old village!" thought the Spectator as the train bore him away.

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Chicago's Voters' League

By Samuel E. Sparling

A FEW years ago the Common Council of the city of Chicago was the synonym for all that is bad and disreputable in city government. The tongue of scandal had spread this far beyond the State, and even beyond the confines of the Nation. Year by year the honesty and ability of the Council were becoming notoriously lower and lower, until citizens were compelled by a mingled sense of pride and shame, as well as for the protection of public interests, to search for some means of relief. After various unsuccessful efforts, the Municipal Voters' League was organized in 1896, for the purpose of calling the attention of the mass of voters to a proper view of public questions, and particularly to the necessity of exercising greater care in the selection of candidates for aldermanic positions. This League is composed of men well known in the business and professional walks of life, who have realized the necessity of forceful and drastic methods to stem the tide of corruption and dishonesty in the Common Council.

It was therefore obvious that the first task toward which the Voters' League should direct its attention was to secure an honest Council. Franchise values were being voted away with alarming rapidity, and without any regard for the public interest. Machine and ward politicians of dubious character held sway and control over the Council; their will was law, and from positions of ignorance and obscurity they suddenly passed to places of power and opulence. As in many other cities of the country, the Common Council of Chicago was at this time a travesty upon representative and democratic government. Public service corporations bought valuable rights, and the citizen stood helpless to protect his interests.

We are now to trace briefly the work of the Voters' League, which has become a transforming power in the municipal politics of Chicago. The League was organized on a non-partisan basis, and invited the co-operation of all persons who were interested in the well-being and good name of the city of Chicago.

But, like most associations of its kind, the main work was to fall upon the shoulders of a few men. The offices of the League, during a municipal campaign, become the political clearing-house of the city. The methods employed by the League are simple and direct, but entirely unique for their open and fearless criticism of candidates who seek a place in the Common Council. The League first devoted its attention to the gathering of information concerning the candidates who were nominated by the different parties in the various wards. This involved a great task, because of the number of candidates concerned and the carefulness with which information must be sought before the officers of the League formulated their conclusions. As soon as the campaign is on, it begins its work, which consists quite largely in commending and indorsing worthy candidates and in exposing and rejecting those who have been found weak and wanting. This part of its work has greatly improved during the last two or three years by reason of the fact that an extensive canvass of all prospective candidates has been carefully made, and their public and private records are securely filed away. This canvass has been carefully and systematically done, and is fundamental to the success and purposes of the League. Every bit of information is followed to its source, and the utmost care exercised by the committee in order that its conclusions may be safe and secure. Persons are secretly employed to gather these facts, and are often independently set at work upon the record of a given man. This poll of the prospective candidates in each ward is entirely unique, I believe, in the field of reform, and its effectiveness is abundantly shown in the results which have followed. Thus, in the heat of the campaign the labor of collecting this information does not fall upon the committees, and their efforts may be directed to other matters.

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After all the facts concerning the public and private record of the candidate are fully worked out, if found questionable he is called into the office of the committee and given a chance to be heard in his own defense, or withdraw from the race, before the committee makes public its statement. If he still decides to continue, he does so with the knowledge that the essential facts of his public and private life will be given to the voter under the official seal of the League. The leading papers of the city render generous aid by giving these reports a prominent place in their columns, as well as by editorial support. These comments are made up of brief statements of those public and private acts of each candidate which are considered essential in determining his efficiency as an Alderman. No partisanship is shown in the preference, but often both candidates are rejected as equally bad and dangerous. And, on the other hand, both are often indorsed as equally worthy of support. With these facts fully before the public, the voter is urged to make his choice in the interests of honest and efficient government. The nature of these bits of information can be no better conveyed than by the insertion of the characterization of three or four candidates who sought election to the Common Council in the campaign this spring. They are copies from the press reports, and may be taken as unique models of concise biography.

. . . . . WARD

. . . . . Democrat: resides 1804 Michigan Avenue; self-styled "banker," with office in room 210, 123 La Salle Street; finishing fourth term in Council; commonly known as "Bath-house;" formerly rubber in Turkish bath; afterward saloon-keeper, to which occupation he has lately added the toil of being a "banker" for "graft" and the protection of vice; is recorded to have voted right once, when his vote was not needed; his sole claim to even political strength rests on his being a parasitical partner of Michael Kenna; he deserves the contempt of good citizens and the hatred of the unfortunate and vicious, whom he has bled and abused; every citizen of Chicago, and especially his new constituents between Twelfth and Twenty-second Streets, should take an active interest in his defeat, so that the center of the city shall no longer be misrepresented by such a travesty on common sense and representative government. If he must be supported by the public, there are several public institutions that can care for him at less cost in money and civic self-respect.

. . . . . WARD

. . . . . Republican: resides 37 Aldine Square; firm of Jackson Brothers, Board of Trade; during three terms has uniformly shown such ability, integrity, fairness, and efficiency as to win the confidence of his honest colleagues, and to compel the respect of the worst of the "gang;" he has thus become by common consent the most influential member of the present Council; has given time and energy unsparingly to an unselfish public service.

. . . . . WARD

. . . . . Democrat: resides 40 Seminary Avenue; lawyer, 205 La Salle Street; voted against midnight closing. During two terms in the Council has been able, fearless, and efficient; service on the street railway commission and the local transportation committee has made him an especially valuable Alderman.

. . . . . WARD

. . . . . Republican: resides 175 Southport Avenue; undertaker, 86 Racine Avenue; voted against midnight closing; not present on Ogden Gas vote; voted to increase police pay and over veto; served in Council from 1883 to 1887, 1890 to 1892, and re-elected 1900; has come down from the old days of franchise grabs and "gang" rule; his later efforts have been curbed by reputable colleagues; he is worse than an object of suspicion and should not be re-elected.

The headquarters of the League during a municipal campaign present an interesting throng in which party managers, candidates, friends of candidates, and citizens interested in good government freely mingle and discuss the situation. The politicians are seeking favors before nominations are made, and great pressure is brought to bear upon the executive committee in order to know its attitude toward the prospective candidate. It becomes obvious that if the League is to retain the confidence of the voter it must move with great caution. It must be certain of the accuracy of its information, and must be able to detect political intrigue which emanates from rival party camps. Leading citizens are invited in, and views are freely exchanged with reference to the attitude of the League upon candidates and public issues. The policy of the League has been to avoid the assumption of the responsibility of making nominations, and it has wisely and earnestly sought to place that responsibility with the party managers, where it obviously belongs. The politicians exert every influence to secure the support of the League before the party caucuses and conventions are held. If

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this information should be given, the League would be assuming the responsibility of making the nominations. On the other hand, it has purposely avoided this responsibility and has constantly asserted its right to indorse or reject a candidate after the party has exercised its rightful function at the convention. It is obvious that all kinds of threats and pressure would be brought to bear upon the committee. Politicians in some instances have absolutely ignored the League in particular wards, and have met its recommendations with a spirit of defiance.

The League began its work in 1896, and a few statistics will indicate the success which has attended its efforts. It made its first recommendations as to candidates in 1896, and out of a large number of Aldermen who retired the League recommended only two for re-election. There were twenty-six of the outgoing Aldermen with bad records, and only ten of these succeeded in securing renominations, and four of these last were defeated at the polls. In 1897 the recommendations of the League were followed in seventeen wards; in 1898 in twenty-three wards; in 1899 its recommendations were followed in twenty-five wards; and in 1900 in seventeen wards, and in seven wards it commended all the candidates as qualified. Twenty-five of the thirty-seven successful candidates had its indorsement over all opponents, or its commendation with others. In the campaign of 1900 the party managers joined forces to return the members condemned by the League. To this open defiance is due the re-election of so many condemned members in that Council. It is, however, only in a few wards that this can be successfully done.

With the election which was held on April 7, 1902, the League closed its sixth campaign in the interests of an efficient and honest city government. The net results of this last election are summarized in the following table:

Number of Aldermen to be elected	36
League candidates elected	28
League candidates defeated	8
"Gray Wolves" re-elected	7
"Gray Wolves" defeated	6
Aldermen approved by League	55
Aldermen condemned by League	15
Honest majority	40

This summary does not tell the whole truth. The election was an "off year," since the Mayor was not to be elected, and consequently there was a light vote. A light vote usually favors the politician, but the fact remains that the Municipal Voters' League succeeded in defeating seven out of fifteen "Gray Wolves." Exceedingly close majorities were given in some of the other wards. Ficke in the Ninth Ward won by one vote, and his seat will probably be contested. "Blind Billy" Kent had a majority of less than two hundred. "Bath-house" John Coughlin's agents were arrested for bribery, and his seat will be contested. Some of these wards, for obvious reasons, are well-nigh hopeless; particularly those wards represented by "Bath-house" John Coughlin, "Johnny" Powers, "The Turkey Man," and "Blind Billy" Kent. While it is practically impossible to defeat Coughlin, still, for its moral effect, a most energetic and stirring campaign was waged against him by the League.

In the course of a few years the Voters' League has transformed a corrupt and dishonest Council into a responsible, intelligent, representative body of men. It has been able to do this by well-known campaign methods which have proved effective in the field of practical politics. It has concentrated the attention of the voter upon the character of the candidates by offering a fearless, straightforward statement of their public and private career. These statements at once take hold of the community, and their transforming power has been shown in the growing respectability of the Common Council.

Even with this notable addition, the long list of services rendered the city by the Municipal Voters' League is incomplete without a reference to the vote at this election upon three issues of great interest to the American public. The League has strongly advocated the abolition of the township government within the city limits, the direct nomination of candidates by the people, the ownership and operation of the street railways, and gas and electric lighting plants for public and private light and heat. These issues were approved by good majorities. In particular was the vote upon the question of municipal ownership decisive; out of

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151,581 votes there were 125,554 cast in its favor.

In fact, the work of the Voters' League in improving the personnel of the Common Council has led to its extension into the broader field of State politics, and an organization is now being perfected for the purpose of employing the same methods to secure the return to the State Legislature of a more responsible delegation from the city of Chicago.

This sketch of the work of the Voters' League of Chicago is given in the hope that its lesson may prove of value to other metropolitan cities which are struggling with a corrupt and irresponsible Council. It brings to the Council men of capacity who are able to devote their energies and time to constructive work, rather than to the blocking of the nefarious schemes of their disreputable colleagues.

The work already done by the League in Chicago shows that the low average of the City Councils is not due altogether to the ignorance and bad intentions of the voter, but more to the lack of leadership and direction at the caucuses and the polls.

Religious Life in America

X.—The Revolt Against Convention

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

"OF all the men I've ever come across," remarked a commercial traveler who happened to be my seat-mate in a Western train, "ministers have the poorest sense of right and wrong. With one exception, in all the dealings I've had with ministers I've come out at the little end."

The conversation was occasioned by the publication in a newspaper which one of us had of a report made by a number of clergymen who had gone to a military garrison to investigate the effects of the abolishment of the "canteen." The "investigation" had consisted largely in a violent wordy altercation between the commander of the garrison and the clergyman who was chairman of the committee, during which the chairman stated emphatically that he would never favor the resumption of the canteen even if its abolishment had proved detrimental to the troops. The report, which all the clergymen but one had signed, was, of course, adverse to the canteen. It was the willingness of these clergymen to be partisans in trying to uphold a conventional morality that had aroused my fellow-passenger's ire. Their partisanship was to him the more contemptible because it involved ignorance of facts which were not only familiar to him, but, in his opinion, easily ascertainable by any fair-minded man. When it transpired that the committee based its report in the main on the testimony of some saloon-keepers whose self-interest led them to agree with the clergymen in favoring the abolition of the canteen, my companion exclaimed, "That makes me hot under the collar!"

A railroad train is not a good place for gathering facts or statistics, but it is not a bad place for discovering specific illustrations of human nature. The very fact that neither of us expected to meet the other again left us both free to disregard those considerations of the future that are the chief cause of modifying or preventing the frank expression of opinion. In this case, at any rate, I found in my fellow-traveler a type of a great number of men, as I had met them and talked with them, who find in the conventional forms of religious life and thought little with which to sympathize and much with which to be irritated. Not that such men are uninterested in religion, nor even in the church and its ministers. This commercial traveler, for example, exasperated as he was by this instance of ministerial narrowness, volunteered expressions of high praise for two ministers of his acquaintance. The fact is, I found surprisingly little of that uncompromising prejudice against ministers and the church which is often supposed to exist among men of my traveling companion's stamp; on the other hand, I found a generally prevalent habit

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of judging ministers and the church, not by their conformity to conventional standards, but by their fruits.

This does not mean that such men are greatly impressed by numbers. The rapid growth of Christian Science interests them, but does not even begin to persuade them of its value. Evidence, however, that Christian Science has affected for good the character of some one they know does more than interest them; it arouses in them a respect for that cult and opens the door to persuasion. My seat-mate, for instance, remarked: "I have no use for the evangelist and that sort who rant around; I don't mind their warming up some, but this stamping and shouting does no good."

"People come out in crowds for it," I suggested.

"Yes," he said with a shrug, "but how long does it last? That's the question. Now you take the Salvation Army; *they* keep looking after their converts."

It is this honest desire for what is called in the Western dialect "the real thing" that is the chief impulse of the insurgents against convention in all its forms. Certain forms of conventionality are of course necessary whenever men act in concert. Conformity to tactical regulations can never cease to be essential to the efficiency of an army; but ultimately it is efficiency, not conformity to tactics, that saves an army from being a mere military organization. So some form of worship and of polity is essential to the efficiency of a church; but it is efficiency that saves a church from being a mere ecclesiastical organization. The revolt against conventionality in religious life as I noted it in the Middle West was not against forms and ceremonies as such, but against that conventionalism, whether in ceremony or belief or conduct, which is substituted for "the real thing." And this revolt is by no means confined to the territory of the church. The "keen business Christian," who has "tact, push, and principle," is losing his hold on many of the Western Young Men's Christian Associations. A Sunday afternoon service, such as I attended in an Iowa city, devoted wholly, except for the hymns, to addresses and prayers about raising money for a debt, is not quite so characteristic of a Western Association as it once was. In the work of the Associated Charities and similar societies the revolt against conventionalism is very marked. Some statements made to me by an officer of a charitable organization in that Iowa city may illustrate how practical that revolt is:

"Until recently there was an annual charity ball given in the city. Now that that has been given up, we have better relations with all sorts of people, and charitable work has less perfunctory and more real support. Nevertheless, there are people who donate to churches and colleges, and yet gouge their washerwomen and underpay their coachman. It was discovered, for instance, that one wealthy woman, who gave to charity, was paying fifty cents a dozen for the hemming of napkins. A while ago a man telephoned to our office asking for relief for a poor woman. The society made an investigation, and discovered immediately that this man was in debt to the woman! As soon as he found out that some one was interested in her rights, he paid up half his debt and will pay the other half. On the other hand, a certain working-girl became acquainted with a needy woman with several children. She persuaded the woman to share a room with her 'on halves,' and began to learn 'fancy washing' with her. They soon became adept, and as there is a great demand for that kind of work well done, they had a fairly comfortable income before long. That girl *gave* nothing, but *did* something. That is the kind of charitable work we are interested in."

If the churches are the last to feel the effect of this revolt from conventionalism, it is because conventionalism finds its strongest hold in the minds of the rank and file in the churches. The clergyman in the Middle West more than anywhere else, unless it is in the remoter quarters of New England, is required by a public opinion, which he could not withstand if he would, to conform to certain standards of thought (or at least public expression) and of conduct which his congregation set up for him. Under this tacit supervision many of the clergymen, especially among the younger men, are more restive than they like to admit. The more conscientious a young minister is, the more he objects to have people who are certainly no more thoughtful and no better

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trained than he designate what his mental processes should be; and the more he also objects to have people who are certainly no more morally responsible than he decide just what things are right and wrong for him to do. Consequently there is a certain proportion of ministers who are in sympathy with the revolt against religious conventionalism. It so happens that the men that I met who were keenly alive to the spirit of revolt were mainly, on the one hand, men outside the church, and, on the other hand, ministers. The one man who was an indubitable exception was the clerk of a church which had caught the spirit of revolt from the stimulating personality of its minister. Such a church, however, is an exception, because such a minister is rare. Most of the insurgents, as I saw them, were, therefore, either the so-called "unchurched" or ministers at the mercy of their congregations.

This explains the experience of a young clergyman as he told it to me. He had been in charge of a church in one of the Dakotas. In that region conventionalism has not yet obtained the sway it has in more settled regions. Although the members of the church were conventional enough, they depended for the support of the church to some degree upon the community at large. The minister was therefore measurably his own master in thought and conduct. As a result his experience proved to him that his steadiest support, both moral and material, came from men who were members of no church. The result to the active religious life of his church was highly beneficial. Circumstances like these, however, which enable the two extreme classes of insurgents to join forces to increase genuine religious life, are very uncommon, and in the Middle West almost impossible.

Ministers who have the impulse to be outspoken in their revolt against convention may be roughly divided into four categories, according to the way in which they yield to that impulse—or resist it. Into one class may be put those who, through circumstance, or more likely their own tactlessness, find themselves adrift. Some of these go into other professions. I was told by one man, himself an ex-minister, who was promoting a new "fraternal benefit order," that he had received forty applications for appointment to agencies from ministers alone. Others, who can be said to form the second category, preferring to remain in the pastorate, restrain their tendency to outspokenness, become conformists in order to secure support for their families, and as they lose their genuineness gradually cease to chafe under their limitations. Occasionally may be found a minister who belongs by right to a third category—one who proves strong enough, and forgets himself sufficiently, to go to work, without domineering, for the education of his people in the wholesome hatred of shams. I met one such minister, but he did not live in the real domain of conventional religion. Any young minister with courage and without egotism might find it a high and yet reasonable ambition to achieve a place among men of this third category. There are, however, in a fourth category, some ministers who, choosing to remain in the pastorate as the best place in which to fight the battle for reality in religion, accept the risk of being adrift most of the time, face the obloquy which is visited upon ministers who are "without charge," and then proceed to be themselves, rather than try to be their deacons or pew-holders, in what they think and do. Naturally, they have egotism as well as courage.

It was my good fortune to spend some time in the company of a minister who had this spirit of willingness to face the consequences of his convictions. At the time I met him he was pastor of a Congregational church in a small Iowa town. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, who showed the vigor and frankness of his character in every movement. I wish I could reproduce the impression of candor and facile strength that he gave as he talked, not so much of himself or his work as of the people in the places where he had lived and their conditions of life. On the way to his town of T——, I spoke of the country through which we were passing.

"Most of the farms are occupied by tenants who hire their laborers. The Iowa farm-hand works six weeks in the spring and then six weeks more later in the year, and then is 'fired'—about the most unsatisfactory life possible. Within my memory the Iowa farm-tenant has developed much like the Irish tenant.

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The farmers of a generation ago made their money and then moved to town. These retired farmers are niggardly—they've gotten into penurious habits—and they don't do any good to the towns they live in. Then they rent their farms to poorer men, and require full payment. The existence of these absentee landlords means a lot of poor devils just scraping along. I know one man who at the end of the year didn't have enough corn to feed his team, and yet he had a binful which he couldn't touch. That man hates everybody and has no use for religion."

"What shall *we* do?" said a friend of mine who was traveling with us. "What will the seer say?"

"That's the question. It is simple: adopt some just way of renting land to the man who uses it, and some way of taking the railroads out of the hands of those who have a private snap. I'm a landlord myself. I was raised as a plutocrat, and was taught that my father owned all outdoors. I clerked in a country store (what is called nowadays a 'department store'—sold everything), and when I went into the ministry I thought that the labor agitation was simply the growl of unsuccessful men against success. Here"—the train was drawing up to a station—"is a typical railroad town. The railroad company has made a real estate thing of it. This division is a hundred and forty-four miles. Terrible! Some crews work sixty hours at a stretch. I buried a man who worked for fifty hours straight on a pile-driver; he lost his hold and fell into the river. Here there's one church that is trying to divide railroad men into classes. Railroads are perfectly willing to have their men form brotherhoods, for they pull apart. Firemen are just waiting for a strike of engineers, for then they'll go in and run the trains."

After some interesting, but for the purpose of this article irrelevant, discussion of labor questions, our conversation was guided, by some questions I asked, into consideration of some of this man's experiences. After giving an account of his pastorate in a church which had, when he went to it, only two women as members, and in a year and a half grew to have a membership of seventeen, he told of his going to the city of C——.

"It was just after the panic," he explained, "and the Congregational church asked me to come. I was the only 'cheap boy' they could find. It was really a railroad men's church. The railroads at that time introduced a bill into the Legislature providing for 'benefits'—a scheme to make employees pay damages for accidents occurring to them. An amendment to frustrate that scheme was introduced, and I went down to lobby for it. The railroad men hailed me with delight as the one minister that would help. But when I was asked by some of the railroad men to stand for their political party, I told them I wouldn't have anything to do with a rotten institution. That's why I left the church. I made a mistake in that; for my successor, though a good man, wasn't in touch with the railroad men. I think some day I may go back and organize an independent church—not a workingman's church, but a church for all kinds together—for unless the church has a message for social conditions it had better get off the earth."

"Shall we change conditions," my friend inquired, "or change men?"

"The tunnel is working at both ends," was the laconic answer, in railroad metaphor. "Take a boy of seventeen or eighteen; he naturally has ambitions, not for money or fame, but for some noble ideals; but he gets out into the world and goes for money; for he feels in his conditions the spirit of greed, catches it, and—*there's* a dead town," he said, interrupting himself, as we whizzed by a village whose shaded, grass-bordered streets made it look like a Massachusetts village come West for a visit.

On our arrival at T—— we walked and drove about the town. By the way in which he was accosted, by his familiarity with men of all kinds whom we chanced to meet, by many little incidents, it was easy to see that our host had a very intimate knowledge of the lives and characters of the people in this community. Here, he pointed out, was a house where there lived a man who got so much a week and had to pay such and such rent; there was the home of a poor family, in which a child died and no one offered help except the keeper of an illegal dive across the street, perhaps for business reasons; that house back from the street was occupied by

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an absentee landlord; this little white house with the board walk in front was the home of a humble, devout old couple with a lot of money laid by—the old man was in the habit of secretly doing a great deal of good with his money in very wise ways, some of which our host specified; along that side of the town was the poor quarter—a good many foreigners, mostly Catholics, almost every house suggesting some human story. So our tour continued until we bade farewell to our host.

His burly frame, his cheerful, clean-shaven face, and his paternal relations with the people invited the priestly appellation, "Father." Perhaps that is why he was widely known by the nickname "Pa." When we had left, my friend, who is himself a minister, and whose judgment is always sane and well considered, turned to me and said: "Remember, 'Pa' is full of his ideas, but there are old people who are living their faith with just as much sincerity as he has, and they haven't his appreciation of social conditions. The old man is always talking about the condition of his soul, keeping near to Christ, and conversion; but A and B [naming two young men of our acquaintance] are talking about this life, and whether there is justice or injustice, and how we can cure certain evils. In prayer-meeting the old want to have 'testimonies,' the young want to discuss social problems. The minister to-day needs to be broad enough to feel both sides of the truth—broader than ever."

The last time I saw our vigorous host, the free-lance against all conventionalism, was at a meeting of an association of churches. He was called upon to make a report of his church, and he made it in characteristic disregard of possible consequent reflections upon himself. He began by a reference to the conditions of life in the town; then described the young people's society, which was fairly active when he became pastor. "But now," he continued, "it is dead and only lacks burial. There are two women's societies; one is a Woman's Working Society that does no work—except to raise money. The other is the Woman's Missionary Society. It is divided into twelve bands. Each band makes a clean sweep of the town every month. Every new family gets twelve invitations during the year—one a month. The Society's work is entirely independent of the pastor, and goes on whether there is a pastor or not. It is stronger to-day than ever. It is remarkable in organization and in spirit. You see, I'm reporting, not about the pastor, but about the church. As to the Sunday-school—" "Time's up," interrupted the moderator. "Oh, I can quit any time," he replied. "We've got a church over there. Come over and see it."

It would be a mistake to infer from the independence of this religious free-lance that the revolt against conventionalism is essentially quixotic. He was rather a striking example in one direction (the sociological) of a tendency that I felt was evident, though less marked, among many ministers in many directions, sociological, theological, ecclesiastical, and ethical. And this tendency has a very real bearing upon practical religious work. How true this is I learned specifically from a young man who was carrying on a mission in one of the cities of the Middle West. He had been a wandering "street fakir" until some happening suddenly brought him to the determination to turn his life into the direction of decency and usefulness. To one minister after another he went for moral backing, but each in turn had only some conventional phrase to offer—sound enough, in the orthodox sense, Scriptural, he acknowledged, but somehow not very vital, not very real to him. At last one minister started him on the way to getting the strength and courage that he needed, and enabled him to turn his determination into action. He broke with his old way of living, and at once, without money, almost without friends, undertook as his life-work to help others out of degradation into self-respect and right living. He had no special theology, but he did have a faith in the power that had made a different man of him. He had also a practical acquaintance with the sort of people he wanted to help. He knew their dissatisfaction with their life, for he had shared that with them; he knew also their pretense about enjoying life, for he had shared that too. But he was distrustful of himself—he was not good enough, so he imagined, to help them. So he undertook to provide assistance to the needy, establish a place of meeting, and get an audience, but instead

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of publicly speaking himself, he turned to the ministers of the city to bring to the people the message of power. Then again he was disappointed. Not that any refused to respond to his request, but most of them had no message that meant anything to these people. It was again the conventional phrase instead of the real vital word. Still he persisted; he did not alter his plan of calling upon the ministers because of disappointment at first. And for his persistence he was rewarded. Brought into acquaintance with men and women who were grievously and consciously in need of moral help, ministers who had begun by saying merely the conventional things learned to be genuine and real before that audience. As a consequence, that one man with his rescue mission has, without knowing it, done more to break down religious conventionalism than any other force in the city. And yet there are strongholds of conventionalism which he found impregnable. The most impregnable were in two churches, one representative of the most wealthy and cultivated classes in the city, the other made up distinctively of the ignorant, though fairly well-to-do, and shepherded by an uneducated minister of the literalist type. The minister of the wealthy church had responded with the greatest kindness to the request of the superintendent of the mission, but, after a number of experiences, said to him at last, "There is nothing I should care so much to do as to be able to speak to the people of the mission, but I find I cannot—I do not know how; I must acknowledge my limitations. Financial help, however, our church can and will give you." The uneducated minister took quite the reverse attitude; he not only responded to requests, but volunteered his services as a speaker; he shouted, gesticulated, reiterated his shibboleths; but all to no purpose. His failure was profound. And yet he continued to embarrass the superintendent with his proffers of service, until he developed into a permanent problem. On the other hand, the superintendent spoke in terms of gratitude with regard to the religious influence upon the people of the mission exerted by certain of the ministers of the city. One of these ministers I have already referred to, in another connection, as by nature above the understanding of the conformist. The story of this superintendent, as I learned it partly from himself and partly from others, was one of the most cheering evidences of the degree to which the revolt against convention has already extended in the Middle West.

No reaction against an evil is always wholly good. The reaction against the spirit of conformity has its perversions. In some cases it has become attenuated into a rather frothy sentiment. One young preacher, very popular if judged by the crowds that come to his meetings, who is a leader in an "independent movement," graciously gave me a few moments of his very busy life; but I got little from him except some vague generalities about hurting nobody's conscience, about the insufficiency of religious work through accessions of converts to the churches, and about the need of making "a direct assault upon public opinion." On the other hand, this revolt has in some cases hardened into purely ethical experiments. At Hull House, Chicago, for instance, where such courageous and triumphant work for civic and social decency has been done, an incidental mention which I made of a possible religious basis for such work was met with a chilling disclaimer of any suspicion of religious motive in their efforts, the more chilling because in strong contrast to the cordial welcome I personally received.

And yet every independent church movement is by no means therefore sentimental. A great theater service I attended in Chicago was sustained by a vast work of practical beneficence. Nor does every social settlement feel the religious motive alien to its life, as was abundantly proved even in a very brief visit I made to Chicago Commons; for it so happened that on that visit I found the evening service of a neighborhood church being held in the modern and beautiful building erected and maintained by the Commons. Indeed, even those phases of the reaction against conventionalism that seem most unfortunate are signs of hopefulness, after all; for they add to the multiform assaults that are being made upon the deadening spirit of religious pretense, and hasten the day of its overthrow.

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The Dream

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

At last upon her pallet lay the nun,
Weary, and thanking Heaven the day was done,
And thanking Heaven for her quiet cell,
Where full of silver peace the moonlight fell.
All day a hundred bitter little things
Had pricked her with as many teasing stings:
Another pattern on the altar-cloth
She wrought alone had traced the envious moth;
At matins, she remembered with a pang
How sharp the tones Sister Cecilia sang;
And while she told her beads her thoughts had strayed
Out in the fields where happy children played;
But since, far off and under southern skies,
Where all the world in lovely summer lies,
Vexed were a princess, she had heard them say,
If the lace failed her on the promised day,
Most had the little maid, it came to pass,
Who learned lace-making in the convent class,
With many a broken bride and twisted thread
Fretted her nerves till harsh the words she said,
And swift the little maid had answered her
With quips that set the angry pulse astir;
And still she felt as if her heart had broke
When grave reproof the Lady Abbess spoke.

How narrow is the world! How fair and fond
Are all souls bound together in one bond!
That night the nun within her quiet cell,
Where like a blessing the white moonbeam fell;
The little maid, with puckered brow unbent,
Resting in sleep from her lace-making stent;
The princess 'neath her silken coverlid,
Within her palace in palm-gardens hid;
The Lady Abbess on her austere bed,
The carven crucifix above her head—
Saw shining over them the self-same gleam,
Dreamed strangely, each and all, the self-same dream.

Abbess and princess, nun and little maid,
Toiled dream-wise up a road in twilight shade
Alone, and saw, far off and in the skies,
The shining towers of a fair city rise.
Golden the spires and jeweled were the walls,
And terrace over terrace ranged the halls
Of many mansions, and the gates, they dreamed,
Were each a pearl through which soft radiance streamed;
Where silverly the herald trumpets rang;
And sweet the song that unseen singers sang
Came faint upon the wind about them, where
They toiled to reach that city in the air
John saw an angel measure with his rod—
City descending out of heaven from God.

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Then, all at once, they knew that, as they went,
Another form his way beside them bent,
And, like strange music breathing in the ear
When pleasant sleep withdraws, they seemed to hear
A tender voice come sighing, "Better he
That ruleth his own spirit"—graciously,
With solemn burden and with lingering tone,
The slow words following they had always known—
"Than he that taketh a city."
Then their sight
Failed, and the splendid vision on the height
Vanished in darkness, and, they knew not how,
Their footsteps faltered in an endless slough;
And nun and Abbess, princess and little maid,
Woke in the night, of their own thoughts afraid.

In Wildest Rhode Island

By Clarence Deming

THE very title seems on its face a fantastic misnomer. What can there be that is "wild" in any degree of comparison in a State smallest of the commonwealths of the Union, niched in one of the earliest settled corners of New England, and stamped by the Federal census as leader of the States in ratio of population to square mile! Popular, even cultivated, impression goes further to reject the paradox. Does Nature trail her briers, fix her secluded fastnesses, breed trout and rear game amid the factories of Providence, on the gay summer sands of Narragansett Pier, upon the sand-papered lawns of Newport, or on the campus of Brown University! Physical Rhode Island interprets herself offhand to logical inference and to the eye of the railroad traveler as a region tense with modern civilization, humming with the factory wheel rather than with the wild bee, an advanced token of human industry, not a haunt of the partridge and the trout.

But scan the map of Rhode Island a little more closely, then bisect the State by a central line north and south and annex the census figures to certain extensive townships of the western division. We shall find in this western hinterland ten townships that nearly equal in area the rest of the State, yet have less than six per cent. of her people. In round figures, 25,000 souls abide in the Rhode Island back country, while more than 400,000 dwell in her populous littoral and the Blackstone Valley. Statistical detail confirms the general fact as applied to the wild west of the State. Dropping fractions, two large townships have a population of but thirteen to the square mile, another township but nineteen, and five of the western Rhode Island towns show each a decrease during the century past of from thirty to sixty per cent.; and in other townships, where the growth of one or two factory villages has raised the figures, those villages are mere foci of population in an enfolding wilderness. The region is hardly less wild because here and there it is dotted by a "nub" of active industry, from which one passes by a step to the shaggy woodland.

Wildest Rhode Island is a hill land, not a mountain land. Over several hundred square miles the country rolls in great billows, with crests breaking down here and there into bold ravine or cliff, or smoothing into a long reach of desolate swamp. Soften the outline of the more familiar foothills of the Berkshires, and one gets a fair impression of Rhode Island's rugged west. Seen from the crest of one of the whaleback ridges, the landscape is impressive, whether under sun or cloud. The huge green sylvan rollers stretch to the horizon in endless rise and slope. The "strength of the hills" is there in subdued but far-reaching majesty; and over all is laid the thick mantle of the woods, unbroken save by

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one or two brown houses on a distant hill or by a clearing so infrequent and small that it accents the ocean of forest. The soil is thin yet seemingly responsive to phosphates and fertilization; swift and clear streams pour through the valleys, fed by springs and sustained in drought by the swamps; the underbrush is dense, and through vast areas all but impenetrable, with such cover for quail, partridge, and woodcock as seems to challenge the most destroying energy of the pot-hunter; the wildest of wild flowers, such as the cypripedium, grow by the very roadside in their season; lakes and ponds, reputed to have good black-bass fishing, show hardly a dwelling on their shores or a boat on their waters; and the sylvan romance only pauses when it finds a dearth of the large trees which betoken old woods, whose present successors are evidently but the secondary growths of chestnut, oak, and maple following an epoch when with denser population the first monarchs of the woods were cut away.

It is on its human side and in its disclosure of a decaying people that wildest Rhode Island has its deepest pathos. For it is a wilderness, as one may say, in transition downward, mantling itself thicker and yet thicker over a country once filled with busy human life—a wildness secondary and not primary, and, in a qualified sense and different clime, suggesting those places of the Orient or Central America where tropic jungle has overgrown the temples of a past race. Old taverns, lodging no guest and with no welcoming host, front the highways, the dim ghosts of old revelry seeming to peer through shattered pane and shutter. Half the farm-houses are deserted and in every degree of infirmity. The houses where families yet abide are in the decrepit stage of unpainted clapboard, sagging rafter, and wry fence. As elsewhere in the decaying farm towns of New England, only here more common, lilac-bush and tiger-lily attest dismally the spots where the extinct home of the soil-tiller once stood, may be flanked by the slanted stones of a family graveyard, suggesting a roof-tree that one time sheltered a household of rank and means. A level reach of thick underbrush is pointed out as the spot that was the general training ground of the community in 1812, where the country recruits gathered in mimic warfare, preparing for the long march to Detroit or Plattsburg. But saddest of all are the decaying monuments of what was once a region of lively and expansive industry—a whole mill village deserted, other large and more isolated mills wrecked to the base, and, in places, only a few lines of old stonework and vestiges of a dam to show what dead fathers have told their living sons was one time a prosperous factory. In wildest Rhode Island the abandoned mill jostles closely the abandoned farm, and both have gone down together before the industrial wave which has swept the smaller factories to the railroad and shore and hived the workers in the greater shops under higher productive organization.

As with its homes so with the farm race of wildest Rhode Island—inert, despondent, living on bare necessities, holding on to the farm by the mere habit of the past, with sons and daughters away at Providence, Woonsocket, Bristol, and the factory cities of the shore. It is, in the main, a native population and not diluted, as over the near Connecticut border, by immigrant races which have begun to take up the cheap farm lands. Nor is the Rhode Island farm race so acutely Yankeefied as that which one finds in the other New England uplands. Cities and large towns are not far away, and contact with them from time to time has given a touch of the world and softened the idiom without stimulating ambition. The near city magnetizes the Rhode Island farmer, but does not stir him. His talk is of the town, not of the country. He is hospitable and kindly, yet the neighborhood instinct is visibly dulled. There is a certain acuteness, even breadth, of vision, without the power of grasp or of initiative. His intellectual living is better than his physical, yet in both he moves in a confined and hopeless cycle until he passes, and his home ere long adds its unit to the long list of deserted farms.

A more ambitious relic of expired prosperity is a road in the township of Exeter passing almost in a straight line through the State to the Connecticut border. It bears locally the resonant title of "The King's Highway," and, in the traditions

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of the town, dates back to colonial days and an order of one of the English Georges who fixed the highway throughout at ten rods wide—a tale which reference to historical authorities of the State fails, as yet, to confirm. But the King's Highway—the Appian road of the region—bears traces of old rural grandeur. Its alignment is straighter, along it the relics of extinct homes cluster more thickly, and here and there one can mark an original ten-rod layout which has resisted encroachment. For the rest it is merely a wild country highway, with its roadbed—like the others in wildest Rhode Island—fairly well maintained, and the hardened and smoother sideway testifying to the pervasive bicycle.

What industrial future have those hundreds of square miles for their declining race of soil-tillers? Peach-growing has begun on a small scale and tentatively, but is, as yet, a promise dim and unfulfilled. One asks a native as to the famed Rhode Island turkey as a market bird, and is told of a distemper which sweeps away whole flocks and makes the venture more than speculative. With eggs in June at fourteen cents a dozen on the farm of the hinterland and twenty-five cents in the near cities, and with equal disparity in other farm products, the Rhode Island rustic nevertheless dilates on profits quite absorbed by the middleman. So the note of wailing goes through the whole gamut of farm commodities, while the inquirer doubts whether he listens to a fact or is hearing another dirge from the local inertia and listlessness.

But if the industrial omens of wildest Rhode Island are dark, the region teems with rosy pledges to the sportsman. In June, when the writer saw it, the quail were whistling in the scant fields, the partridge drummed in the wood, and the woodcock flitted by in the gloaming on silent wing. Although great sections have been bought up by the city sportsmen and duly "posted," the signs appear to be tokens of ownership rather than warning against trespass. By the testimony of the natives, free hunting and fishing are still the practical rule as against the theoretical ban of the signboard. The attitude of a local game-warden may or may not be typical. Quoth he: "Ef I ketched a feller shootin' out o' season, I guess I shouldn't pull him in, but jest warn him onct or twice. Then, ef I ketched him agin, I'd give him the law. Specially," added the official, naïvely, "ef I knew him to be a reg'ler pot-hunter."

What the region is for the angler, let one red-lettered experience of the writer tell. It was a bright morning in June, the place near the King's Highway, a little below central Rhode Island, and the stream a moderate creek diminished by the shutting of the gates of a mill on that particular day. Just at the foot of the mill tail, after a small perch and roach had been taken from a still pool, there followed a handsome six-ounce trout. Down stream came wilder scenery and better sport. The creek, somewhat enlarged and swifter, entered a veritable jungle of brush and boulder. Wildest Rhode Island was there in high carnival. Alder, scrub-oak, and minor growths of brushwood made a dense thicket, the whole laced with a thorny vine vexing to the flesh and dubbed by the natives "bull-brier"—a term denoting that only bulls could pass the obstructive plant. The waters separated into new channels, diverged, twisted, and again came together, and anon were quite lost under the massed boulders or betrayed only by drowsy tinkling—as hard a bit of trouting-ground as the trained and patient angler ever cares to traverse. Yet at well-nigh every point where the stream bubbled up between the rocks, a trout bit and was basketed. An eighth of a mile down, the straying loops of the stream all blended and dashed through a bit of woods in the foam, ripple, and fall which the angler loves, the morning's trip closing in a long reach of swamp. During a short two hours and a half seventeen trout were taken, and this in a free stream so near Rhode Island's populous shore that the lights of Westerly, Narragansett Pier, Newport, Fall River, and Providence glowed a few hours later on the horizon of the night.

What does the future hold for Rhode Island's west, where nature is so fast over-growing man, where meadows and sown field year by year shrink, where the woodlands expand and the farm problem of Yankeeland repeats itself in its superlative degree? Will the rich sporting patroons who have begun to buy up the

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forests by the square mile at a dollar or two an acre realize their hopes of a paradise of rod and gun? Will the strange expanse in the very penumbra of busy cities be given over at last to the well-watched preserves of the sportsmen's clubs and syndicates? Will it, in the maturing of the science of forestry, now in bud, become the source of lucrative timber supply? Or, as populations outside wax and a refluent stream of wealth pours on the picturesque sites of New England, will remote posterity see the semi-wilderness cut by electric roads, the truck farmer or tenant driving back the forest, the lands grown fat and costly, and every scenic hilltop crowned by the homes of the rich? To such surmise, whether of economist, nature-lover, or sportsman, the deepening solitudes of wildest Rhode Island give no reply.

When Greek Meets Greek

By Jennette Lee

JOHN WALSH had red hair.

If his hair had been brown, this story would probably never have been written. He had, besides the hair, a pair of blue eyes and a quick temper. An Irish ancestor who had come to America had brought with him a spade and a brogue, a keen wit, the red hair, and the quick temper. The spade and the brogue had disappeared; but the temper and the hair survived. Sometimes they skipped a generation, and flashed out in the next one keener than before.

John Walsh had them. He was teacher in the Burleighville High School. There were three rooms in the school building. The room in which John Walsh taught was called the high-school room. The highest class in it was fitting for college; and the lowest—in which were Annie Day, and Dennis Quinn, and Edgar Button—was studying decimals. They were in the upper room only because the lower rooms had overflowed and floated them up to the front seats in the high-school room. They sat there very much awed by their fate, and thankful when the flash of John Walsh's blue eyes overleaped them and landed on the big boys in the back seats.

The master's temper was no secret. "As quick as John Walsh's temper" was a town proverb. It had been the same in the boy as in the man. As a pupil, he had made his way through the school flashing and fighting and excelling. There had never been such a scholar in Burleighville. The town was secretly proud of him; and when, on his return from college, he had applied for the position of teacher in the high school to help him carry on his law studies, they had welcomed him back. The life of the school had quickened and broadened. He imparted enthusiasm and knowledge in the same breath. Every pupil in the room became alert. They loved the fiery, impetuous master; and the fact that they stood a little in awe of him did not diminish zeal.

It was the last week of the spring term. John Walsh had been teaching in Burleighville two years. He was planning to go, at the end of the term, to study with the well-known firm of Marsh & Blakewell, of Boston. His old mother was comfortably provided for, and there was money ahead to carry him through. The last weeks of the term promised to be balmy—indoors and out.

Three weeks before the end of the term a change had come. Word had been received from Marsh & Blakewell that there was doubt of their being able to receive a law student this year. They would write again in two weeks. Meanwhile they "remained regretfully, etc."

The sky clouded in the Burleighville high school. Signs of a storm were on the horizon. The school took in sail and steered very close to the wind, with cautious glances at the blue eyes flashing and darting above them. The front seats quaked and worked on decimals.

"There he goes!"

"Hurry up, Annie!"

"We'll be late!"

"Let's go 'cross the island."

The group broke into a swift, jogging run. Books and slates and dinner-pails bumped in swinging hands, and panting

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breaths escaped. Hurrying feet rattled the loose boards of the bridge and thudded on the soft grass as they crossed the island.

Tommy Day was last in the race. He had a round face and fat legs, and his little brown trousers were too wide. He lumbered along, holding fast to his sister's hand, and wailing now and then at the flying group. They gave no heed till the other bridge was reached. There they paused, glancing at it a little doubtfully and nudging each other to go on.

Two signs were across it: "Danger.—Not a Public Way."

It was a swinging bridge—two parallel cables with boards across and a stout rope for hand-rail. It had been thrown across for the operatives of the mill on the island.

But the island was a handy cut when one was late and the last bell ringing.

"Go on, Will." Sammy Talcott gave the boy in front a little push.

"G'on yerself!"

"Hurry up! We'll be late."

The boy hesitated. Then, with a little run, his feet touched the bridge and sped swiftly across. He swayed lightly to the motion, and barely touched the hand-rope swinging beside him.

With a whoop and a chase, they followed, big and little, speeding across, one at a time, and landing with a flying leap.

"Come on, Annie."

"Oh, leave him there!"

"He's a baby! Come on!"

Tommy plumped himself on the ground, his legs extended, and raised a round wail to heaven.

The group across the river regarded him with eager disgust. "Come along!"—"He'll come if you leave him!"—"Hurry up!"

She placed one foot on the bridge and glanced down at Tommy. Then she looked at the bridge.

The group waited. "Coward yourself, Annie Day!" called Mary Bell, tauntingly.

"'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!"

She looked over to them appealingly. "He's too little," she called back. Her voice was high and squeaking, and her small face was full of anxious care.

"Oh, leave 'em alone!"—"Come on!"—"There's the bell!" They turned with a wild scramble. Their voices floated back as they ran, and grew faint and fainter. The air was very still. The boom of the mill on the other side of the island hummed softly in it. A sparrow, hopping in a bush by the water, looked up at the pair and gave a little trill, and hopped away.

She bent over him sternly. "Get up, Tommy; I'm going back 'round the island with you. Now don't you cry any more."

Tommy's mouth, which had opened to emit a fresh sound, closed suddenly. He snuffed and looked at her—resentfully and hopefully.

She wiped his eyes on her apron and held out her hand. "Come along," she said swiftly.

They disappeared through the bushes, Tommy's fat legs wagging fast. The gray stockings and flying shoe-strings, seen from behind, had an air of renewed courage.

The door opened timidly. It was Annie Day—fifteen minutes late. She squeaked respectfully and hurriedly to her seat.

The first class in arithmetic was reciting. The master looked up with a frown.

"Wait!" he said sharply to the boy who was reciting.

The boy paused.

A hush was on the room.

Annie squeaked miserably through it, the freckles on her small face lost in the rush of color, and her little turned-up nose, with its anxious, deprecating look, glancing hastily now and then at the master's face.

The blue eye was fixed on her sternly. When she had subsided into the front seat and had bent her face to the desk to look for her book and slate, the eye turned again to the class.

"Go on," he said, shortly.

The silence clicked, and the boy went on reciting.

The class in arithmetic was dismissed and the second reading class had been called. They sat erect in their seats, their books clasped, motionless, in front of them, waiting the signal.

Into the silence fell a muffled clatter and a crash—Dennis Quinn had tipped over his dinner-pail. He did it once a week on an average. His feet were large. His scared face disappeared under the desk.

The master glared. "Come here, Quinn!" he said, sharply.

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There was no response. Dennis, under cover of the desk, was grappling with a rolling tea-cup, cold boiled cabbage, and doughnuts and pie; and he was deaf to the world above him.

A big, swift hand reached down and seized him by the collar, throwing him half across the open space in front of the school.

He stood quavering, the broken cup in one hand and the sugared doughnut in the other.

The master's face was white with rage. "I'll teach you to come when I call!" he said between his teeth. He reached out and seized the collar again. The boy's teeth chattered and the tea-cup and doughnut flew in two directions as he shook, like a rat, in the strong hands. The master threw him from him, with a force that sent the boy sprawling under the table. Then he stood staring down at a white, freckled face at his elbow.

Little Annie Day, shaking with fright and anger, had him by the coat. Her hands shook and her white face worked helplessly. "Don't you touch him again, you mean old thing, you!" she piped shrilly.

A deep hush was on the room. Breathless necks craned at the scene.

Dennis, from beneath the table, lifted a trembling hand and straightened his collar and groped for his doughnut.

A flood of color surged into the master's white face and out again, leaving it whiter than before.

Annie had ceased pulling. She stood with her head meekly bent, waiting for the storm to descend.

The master looked at her for a long minute. He brushed a quick hand before his eyes and looked again. The rage had gone from his face. No one in the school had ever seen it look like this.

The silence deepened.

"Take your seats," he said, quietly.

He stepped to the table and touched the little bell. Dennis, from beneath, sped swiftly to his seat.

At a second tap of the bell, the class in reading rose from their seats and filed silently to their places before him.

The school had assembled with white aprons and clean collars and shining faces. It was the last day. To-morrow would be vacation. To-day they would speak pieces and have prizes. A row of complacent mothers and a scattering of fathers lined the walls and gave glory to the day.

The pieces had been spoken and the last prize distributed, when the master rose to speak. His blue eye swept the room. In his hand he held a small object that shone in the light.

"I have another prize to give," he said, slowly. "It was not offered, but it has been earned."

The school looked on, breathless.

"There is in England," went on the master's voice, "a reward that is given only for bravery. It is known as the Victoria Cross. No one can wear it who has not been very brave. It is a great honor to have it. I have here—" He glanced at the bright object in his hand—"a cross that I should like to give in the same way."

He paused. A flutter ran through the school.

"To-morrow," said the master, "I shall leave you. I may never live here again. But I should like to think that you do not forget me."

Some of the girls blinked very fast. The boys looked out of the window.

"I should like to send every year a cross like this"—he held it up—"to be given to some one who has shown special courage.

They gazed at it respectfully. Envious glances stole toward Willie Flint, in the back row. He sat very straight, his eyes fixed on the master's face, a serene look on his own.

There was no doubt as to who would have it. Willie Flint's name had been in all the local papers. He had become a hero since the day he rushed out and stopped old Mose Beckman's runaway horse. It had all been done in a minute—old Mose swaying drunkenly on the seat—a swift plunge at the horse, a turn toward the fence, a blocking of the wheel against the post, before the horse could plunge away—any boy would have done it. Willie had been very modest about it. But one or two of the other boys longed to pummel him as he gazed serenely at the master—after the droop of an eyelid toward the lapel of his coat.

The master looked at the cross thoughtfully, and then at the school. He opened

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his lips. "I give this cross," he said slowly, "because of special bravery, to—Annie Day."

The room stirred swiftly and shifted its gaze to a small girl in the front seat.

She sat with dazed countenance, blinking at the glittering cross. Her anxious little nose was upturned to it.

Dennis Quinn bent over and gave her a labored punch. "It's your'n," he whispered loudly.

The master smiled. "Bring her here, Dennis," he said.

Dennis grinned. He reached out a hand, and, taking her by the elbow, shoved her gently to the front of the room.

The master bent and pinned the cross on the plaid shoulder, and she tiptoed back amid breathless silence. Then the school broke into cheers and clapping.

She looked up for a swift, doubtful moment, and her head fell forward on her arms. She burst into tears. They ran down her face and fell on the cross, and took the starch out of her white apron.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered about her in the yard, fingering the cross and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. "That's my sister!" he said, proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow-lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

The Philosophy of Religion[1]

PROFESSOR ROYCE has made the most consistent and substantial contribution of any writer of our time to the philosophy of religion. This conviction, expressed in our review, October 20, 1900, of his first series of Gifford Lectures at Aberdeen on "The World and the Individual," has been deepened in the reading of the second series. The emphasis which the first series laid on the World the second puts upon the Individual, in a doctrine of human life which is for philosophy what faith is for practical religion.

The bridge from the popular conception of Nature and Man to the idealistic view which he expounds Professor Royce finds in his fundamental distinction between the "World of Description" and the "World of Appreciation." The former is the world as described by science, and as conceived in popular theory. It is a rigid world, to whose facts and laws we must conform in order to achieve our ends. The latter sharply contrasts with this as a plastic world, a world of possible values for an appreciative aim and a will to achieve. This world of ideals, of purposes that march to achievement, is the real world of the idealist, because it is the world in which individuality is formed by the recognition and realization of ends. In the World of Description Nature precedes Man. In the World of Appreciation Man comes first; it is a world of interrelated selves, a social order. Our belief in Nature is derived from our belief in our fellow-men. Nature, as it appears in the World of Description, with its rigid, mechanical, predictable sequences, forms the social link between man and man, the basis for successful co-operation, the tool for co-operative wills in the real World of Appreciation. The reality of Nature is thus bound up with the reality of our fellow-men, regarded as fulfilling social ends with us. Contact with matter reveals a principle of causation, but this itself rests on a prior conviction that Nature is essentially rational, and fulfills a purpose. And so idealism is generated even in the touch of things material. The popular dualism of mind and matter is therefore not to be taken too seriously. What causation really means is simply this: "Nothing finite can be understood by itself."

Professor Royce's strikingly original

[1] *The World and the Individual.* Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen. Second Series: Nature, Man, and the Moral Order. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D. (Aberdeen), Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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interpretation of "unconscious Nature" as exhibiting processes analogous to those of mind must be passed by, as beyond our limits. In this view there appears to be "no dead Nature at all, . . . only life, striving, onflow, ideality, significance, rationality." Nature, then, is not really unconscious, but only "uncommunicative," and inwardly fluent, like mind, but at a time-rate so slow as to be imperceptible to us.

The problem of the evolution of the conscious Self in the course of Nature connects with the foregoing. How the non-human came to evolve the human type is hypothetically answered thus: "The process of the evolution of new forms of consciousness in Nature is throughout of the same general type as that which we observe when we follow the evolution of new sorts of plans, of ideas, and of selfhood in our own life. . . . This whole process is analogous in structure and in result to the recurrent processes of the conscious will that has found what it has to do" in its learning of new arts through trial and error, under the conditions of rigid selection established by the environment. I begin existence in the Organic World as a tentative variation within its conscious life, and with my survival conditioned upon conforming to the established habits of Nature. So far, I am but a resultant of Nature. But, having survived, having gained a glimpse of universal truth, having become a seeker after God, having consciously linked myself thus to Absolute Being, "I have acquired a character that may well survive, that in fact will survive all the organic processes originally expressed in my life." My natural origin is thus fully compatible with an immortal destiny.

An impressive characteristic of Professor Royce's work is the depth and warmth of the religious conviction that pervades it, and frequently finds expression in the devotional language of Holy Scripture. The preceding series of these lectures argued that "in its wholeness the world of Being is . . . an individual life, consisting of the individual embodiments of the wills represented by all finite ideas" —"the very definition of the divine life." In the present series this conclusion is maintained, expanded, illustrated in various points of view, not as a theory of Being, but as a doctrine of Life. The general thesis is: "Simple Unity is a mere impossibility. God cannot be One except by being Many. Nor can we various Selves be Many, unless in Him we are One. To know just this is to win the deepest truth that religion has been seeking to teach humanity." No other philosopher of our time has so earnestly and lucidly presented the full implications of that fundamental fact of our being which St. Paul uttered to the philosophers of Athens: "In Him we live." The necessary corollary of this, *In Him we will*, Professor Royce is equally concerned to emphasize, showing that it is precisely *will*, and nothing else, that constitutes the human individuality which is included within "the Individual of Individuals"—God, who is Himself the very "heart of our freedom." And this universe of many lives and wills comprehended in One Life, One Will, is a perfect universe. But what then of its evil, sorrow, and sin? This problem is squarely faced: "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. Yet in just our life, viewed in its entirety, the glory of God is completely manifest. These hard sayings are the deepest expressions of the essence of true religion. They are also the most inevitable outcome of philosophy."

Here appears another original and salient feature of the great argument. Any reconciliation of the idealist interpretation of Being with religion and the facts of moral life "must turn, in part, upon the distinction between the Temporal and the Eternal, and upon an insight into their unity in the midst of their contrast." Time, as Professor Royce remarks, is the necessary form of the purposing will, so that "in a world where there were no succession there would be no morality." But while in any succession of events we distinguish what is present at the indivisible instant from the just past, or the next coming, we are also conscious of more than the immediately present. In going through a bar of music, or a line of poetry, we "take in" the whole in its unity. Thus we must conceive of the Eternal Consciousness as comprehending at once as an Eternal Order the Temporal Order of the past, the present, and the future, of which we can comprehend at once only an infinitesimal part.

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On the basis of this distinction, and having very strongly and fully stated the objection drawn from the fact of sin, Professor Royce grants that the sinner "produces what, just at that point of time, is indeed an actual evil." "How then," he asks, "is this ill included and reconciled within the perfect whole? Not . . . by virtue of the fact that the evil deed expresses the finite agent's evil will, but *because his will is supplemented, is overcome, is thwarted, is overruled*, by what expresses some other will. . . . Only through the conquest over this evil-doer and his deed is the final perfection won," as contemplated in the Eternal Consciousness. Just so, the courage with which the soldier overcomes his dread is dependent for its perfection on that dread. "The right eternally triumphs, yet not without temporal warfare. This warfare occurs, indeed, *within the divine life itself*, and not in an externally created world that is realistically an independent Being, other than God, and sundered from him."

The only ground for a true theodicy, as Professor Royce contends, is that "nothing in our life is external to the divine life," as the Pauline maxim, "In Him we live," requires. "If the ills of the creatures are events external to the life of their Creator, then has he fashioned suffering . . . of which he is independent." This lands us in the ancient dilemma: either God could not prevent evil, and is not omnipotent, or would not, and is not benevolent. But no actual moral relations can be merely external. Our comfort amid the imperfections of the temporal order is, first, in the assurance that God shares our sorrows, knows all that we know in their endurance; next, in the faithfulness to our task, which is the temporal expression of the eternal triumph over evil. "To view . . . even the deeds of the hour as a service of God, and to regard the life of our most fragmentary selfhood as the divine life taking on human form—this is of the deepest essence of religion." But "a consciously last moral task is a contradiction in terms." "To serve God is to create new opportunities for service," so that "there can be no last moral deed." To realize this is to realize our immortality. The thwarting of lesser purposes by death is included within the fulfillment of the larger purpose, which transcends death in richer and more conscious life." I shall finally die, in time, only when I come to say of myself, "My work is consciously and absolutely accomplished." But of an ethical task this can never be said.

The argument of whose close structure and minute analysis only these hints can here be given is an illuminating contribution to a sound theism. Its sharp collisions with popular modes of thought may require of the reader some effort to gain the author's point of view. More than one careful reading is requisite to understand the author fairly. But it is worth the effort of earnest interest in the central problems of humanity. The deep springs of a divine optimism are here reached, and yield living waters. "Close is our touch with the Eternal. Boundless is the meaning of our nature. Its mysteries need not blind our eyes to the central unity of Being, nor make us feel lost in a realm where all the wanderings of time mean the process whereby is discovered the homeland of Eternity."

Dusk and Dawn

By Robert Haven Schauffler

Twilight; and dun, weird tapestries
About the couch of Day are drawn;
Night-preludes moan in every breeze,
But in my heart—the dawn.

Night in the dungeon of my brain;
Hope's last pretense long gone;
Despair is knocking—but in vain,
For in my heart—the dawn!

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American at Oxford (An). By John Corbin. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 325 pages. $1.50, net.

A very readable account of Oxford life, more detailed in its description of university customs, organizations, and college habits and manners than any previous book on the same subject. The author had already written an interesting book on English public schools, and is entirely familiar with the life which he describes. He conceives that life in broad, general terms, as it is understood at Oxford, devoting as much time to its social side and its athletic side as to its intellectual side, and conveying a clear idea of its genius, its spirit, its peculiarities, its technical and, so to speak, local organization.

American Horticultural Manual. In Two Parts. Part I. By J. L. Budd. Assisted by N. E. Hansen. John Wiley & Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 417 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Among the Waterfowl. By Herbert K. Job. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 224 pages. $1.35, net.

Among the nature books coming now so rapidly to the front this merits a prominent place. It tells of the habits of waterfowl, especially seagulls and their kin, from the point of view of a close and patient student who has followed them in their migratory flights into the far north and elsewhere, and photographed them both in activity and repose. The text is graphic, the illustrations numerous.

Amor Victor: A Novel of Ephesus and Rome, 95–105 A.D. By Orr Kenyon. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 424 pages. $1.50.

The author has reviewed his own book in a "Note Explanatory." We have it on his own word that this novel is "the nearest possible approach to a genuine photograph of the life and environment of Christians who lived at the close of the first century." We are relieved to see that he does not say "phonograph" as well, for we are loth to believe that St. John the Apostle said things that are credited to him in this tale. The pictures which illustrate this "photograph" are no better than the text, though it is hard to acknowledge that they are worse.

Asiatic Russia. By George Frederick Wright, LL.D., F.G.S.A. Illustrated. The McClure, Phillips Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. In 2 vols.

Reserved for later notice.

Book of the Rose (The). By Rev. A. Foster-Melliar, M.A. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 352 pages. $1.75.

All who love the queen of flowers will find within these pages everything they may need to know about it. Full details of the practical culture from beginning to end are given, together with all manner of information touching conditions, soil, and situation favorable and unfavorable for its growth, and how it can best thrive in all the varying climates to which it is native. But, although it is native everywhere except in torrid regions, we are made to see why the climates of England and Ireland grow the finest perpetual hybrids in the world, and what artifices may best simulate these climatic conditions elsewhere.

Bases of Design (The). By Walter Crane. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 381 pages. $2.25.

A new edition of a beautiful and interesting work which is of value to all readers who care for the artistic side of life.

Desert and the Sown (The). By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

Diary of a Goose Girl (The). By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 117 pages. $1.

The latest book from the hand of the author of "Penelope's Progress" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol" is an eminently readable account of the flight of a young lady from a hydropathic institution in England to a little country village in Surrey—a flight from a too persistent wooer, not for the purpose, however, of checking but for the purpose of intensifying the pursuit—a purpose which is very happily and curiously accomplished in the end. In the meantime the reader has a vision of life in an English farm-house and in a little English community, with types of character lightly but brightly touched, piquant if not practical suggestions about the raising of fowls, the care of cows, and other agricultural matters, the whole pervaded by the gayety of spirits and the vivacity of manner which never fail Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Five Little Peppers Abroad. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 449 pages. $1.10, net.

In her preface the author explains how this continuation of the exploits and observations of the Peppers abroad grew into shape in the hope of satisfying the many readers who importuned her for more about the Peppers. Those who enjoyed the acquaintance of that remarkable family in former books will find all their characteristics repeated here amid foreign scenes.

Fool's Errand (A). By One of the Fools. Illustrated. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 5×7¾ in. 521 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of the most famous novel of the reconstruction period in the South, evidently called out by the recent publication of other novels relating to that era taking quite different views of the facts. Whatever side one may take politically, there never has been any

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question as to the dramatic power of Judge Tourgée's originally anonymous tale, and it bears re-reading very well.

Gabriele Rossetti: A Versified Autobiography. Translated and Supplemented by William Michael Rossetti. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8¾ in. 199 pages. $3, net.

A translation in verse of the autobiography of the father of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti. In Italy Gabriele Rossetti is still held in honored remembrance for his poetical work, though his son tells us that his prose works are known there rather by rumor than by perusal. Dr. Garnett, who is an excellent authority, declares that the elder Rossetti in begetting two great poets rendered a unique service to English literature. The autobiography in verse, which is a fragment, and which is of curious rather than of literary interest, is not only translated but supplemented by William Michael Rossetti, and is illustrated with a number of portraits.

Home Thoughts. By C. (Mrs. James Farley Cox). Second Series. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 340 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Reserved for later notice.

My Captive. By J. A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.25.

My Japanese Wife. By Clive Holland. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 217 pages. $1.50.

This tale has had a considerable vogue here and in England, and has had more than one printing. To us it seems quite inferior to Mr. Long's "Madame Butterfly," which deals with a similar subject.

Nature Portraits: Studies with Pen and Camera of Our Wild Birds, Animals, Fish, and Insects. Text by the Editor of "Country Life in America." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 16×11½ in. 48 pages.

A series of interesting portraits of animals, birds, and fish made from life by photography. Tree-frogs, field-mice, mocking-birds, salmon, deer, a weasel, a Canadian lynx, and many others, are all portrayed in their native haunts, and with the fidelity which the camera alone makes possible. The portraits are beautifully printed on a fine tinted paper and put up in a suitable portfolio. The text which accompanies the pictures is by Professor L. H. Bailey, the editor of "Country Life in America." In his usual buoyant and inspiring manner he points the way to the study and enjoyment of nature.

Naval Heroes of Holland. By J. A. Mets. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7¾ in. 248 pages. $1.50.

This history of Dutch naval achievements is intended mainly for youthful readers. It is clear and simple in the telling, and gives a fairly accurate narrative of the wonderful resistance of the Low Countries against the Spaniards. The story of the "Sea Beggars" and the heroic nobles who led them cannot fail to impress young readers.

Not on the Chart. By Charles L. Marsh. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

An ingenious tale of the adventures of three shipwrecked people—one charming girl and two young men of opposed characters and temperaments. There is always an interest in reading of the clever shifts by which the man of science (there is always one, happily, in all shipwrecked parties—in fiction) makes life on a desert island possible and even comfortable. Here we have also an exciting story of love, jealousy, and insanity. Part of the romance is melodramatic in the extreme, but it has a good deal of human and story interest, notwithstanding.

Nuevo Diccionario de Pronunciatión de las Lenguas Inglesa y Española. Por Mariano Velazquez de la Cadena. Nueva Edician. Segunda Parte: Ingles—Español. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 7×10½ in. 765 pages. $3.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Onlooker's Note-Book (An). By the Author of "Collections and Recollections." Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 310 pages. $2.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 400 pages. 50c.

Path to Rome (The). By H. Belloc. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 448 pages. $2, net.

M. Belloc took it into his head to walk from Toul in the northeastern part of France to Rome, some two hundred and fifty leagues. His tale of the tramp is a jolly one, and told in a frisky style. Plain narrative, solemn fun, and jocose tilts with his imagined reader make up an amusing book.

Physical Geography of New York State (The). By Ralph S. Tarr. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 397 pages. $3.50, net.

Pilgrim Songs (Number Two). For Sunday-Schools, Young People's Societies, Prayer-Meetings. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6×8 in. 307 pages.

The tendency of every church, no matter how small, to split up into segregated groups is too often very clearly shown in the singing of hymns. The staid Sunday morning congregation has its own hymn-book and its own accustomed selection of hymns; the Sunday-school declares its independence by having a "sheaf" of "winnowed" jingles to itself; the young people keep aloof with a "song-book" all of their own; and, unless the church is exceptionally fortunate, the prayer-meeting "contingent" have their separate book of hymns "for social worship." The evident purpose of this book of "Pilgrim Songs" is to unify the musical worship of the church by providing one hymnal that not only will be used in Sunday-school, the young people's meeting, and the mid-week service, but will at the same time familiarize both the adults in their meeting and the children in the Sunday-school with the hymns that are suitable for the common worship of the people in the chief services of the church. That purpose cannot be too highly commended. In attempting to fulfill it this book adheres, on the whole, to the standards of good taste. The spirit of the book is so good that one wishes the book itself were much better. Some omissions are noteworthy. Even in a book for young people and children the omission of "Just as I Am, without One Plea," is not compensated for by the substitution of

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an imitation which leaves out the spirit of penitence. "Rock of Ages" cannot be sung by those who have only this hymn-book to use. Neither can "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Young people have the experiences expressed in these hymns, and they ought to have the opportunity of expressing those experiences in their hymns of worship. Danger from sentimentality cannot be avoided by failure to recognize that fact. On the other hand, there is a commendably large number of hymns expressing activity, wholesome impulse and service of others. Musically the book is dignified without being stiff. There are nearly twoscore of new tunes, some of which may prove of permanent value. It is easy to find blemishes. There are many traces of the amateur; there are survivals of "arrangements" that ought forever to be banished from worship-music; there are many divorcements of hymns and tunes that ought never to be put asunder; and there are omissions of tunes that are better worth singing by far than some included. Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that almost any church, by adopting this book, would find the service of song on the occasions on which it would be used vastly improved.

Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 270 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Red Anvil (The). By Charles Reginald Sherlock. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.50.

The activity of the Abolitionists in hiding and shielding escaped slaves just prior to the breaking out of the Civil War furnishes a large part of this story. The tone is vivid and somewhat sensational, yet in the main this is a true picture of a turbulent and remarkable period North and South—a period when feeling surmounted reason in both sections. A love story lightens the darker side of the melodrama.

Religious Life and Influence of Queen Victoria (The). By Walter Walsh. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 264 pages. $2.50, net.

This is a well-written and thoroughly interesting work.

Religious Systems of the World: A Collection of Addresses Delivered at South Place Institute, Now Revised and in Some Cases Rewritten by the Authors, together with Some Others Specially Written for this Volume. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 824 pages. $2.50, net.

Nearly sixty addresses and essays are collected in this unique volume, nearly equally distributed between pre-Christian and non-Christian religions, and the various forms of Christianity with its competitors in Christendom, as Secularism, the Ethical Movement, and others. The comprehensive plan admits of much detail; the sects of Mohammedanism are separately treated; articles are devoted to such special features as the Influence of Paganism on Christianity, the Mass, Jewish Ethics. Many of the contributors are distinguished in their fields of special learning, and all are representative writers on their several subjects. There is no other work in which the religions of the world are presented in such variety.

Spelling and Word Building: A Primary Vocabulary. By Eugene Bouton, Ph.D. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5¾×7½ in. 118 pages.

This is in one sense simple, in another ingenious. It combines a good primary drill in spelling with scientific modern methods of word-building and with suggestions for arousing children's interest in the meaning as well as the forms of words. As the author, a teacher of long experience, points out in his preface, not the use but the abuse of the old-fashioned spelling-book led to its recent semi-abandonment. Both the phonic force of the letters and the visible form of words must be considered. Teachers will find here sensible hints, and the little volume should have a large use for word-drill in primary schools.

Story of Cairo. By Stanley Lane-Poole, Litt.D., M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 340 pages. $2.

The latest addition to the series of books on Mediæval Towns by one of the best-known Oriental scholars in England, dealing with one of the most picturesque cities in the world. The author tells us that Cairo is in the fullest sense a mediæval city, and thus answers the question which the appearance of the book in this series will raise in many minds. It had no existence before the Middle Ages, and its life almost coincides with the middle period of history, and it retains to this day much of its mediæval character and aspect. The material conditions have changed somewhat during the last twenty years, but the Egyptian's character remains untouched. The book is packed with knowledge presented with a scholar's thoroughness, and is in its way a contribution to history quite as much as to high-class travel literature.

Story of the Mormons (The): From the Date of their Origin to the Year 1901. By William Alexander Linn. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 637 pages. $4, net.

Mr. Linn's "Story of the Mormons" is a thorough and fascinating work. The author has made most exhaustive researches, but rarely even for a moment does he tire the most impatient general reader by detail of interest only to the scholar. It is a marvelous story that he has to tell, and the six hundred pages in which he tells it have given him no room for the incorporation of non-essential matter. The author contends in his introduction that there is no miracle about the success of Mormonism, since man is unchangeably a "believing animal," and is essentially as credulous in this century as he was generations ago; but this narrative none the less leaves the impression that this success is the one miracle the new faith has to its credit. In saying this we make the one serious criticism which the book demands. The author does not show why and wherein Mormonism did appeal to the eternal religious instinct among its early devotees. His account of Joseph Smith, Jr., the sordid humbug who began by duping others with his "peek-stone" and ended perhaps by duping himself with his revelations, is entirely satisfactory; but when he comes to Sydney Rigdon, the real founder of Mormonism as a religious and social movement, the author lacks the sympathetic

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imagination to explain Rigdon's fanatical fervor in the new religion. The minor criticism to be made upon the book is the author's apparent unwillingness to give credit to the achievements of the Mormon Church as an economic institution. Even the business genius of Brigham Young receives but scant recognition, the author carpingly noting in summing up Young's career that "notwithstanding the vast sums taken by him in tithing for the alleged benefit of the poor, there was not in Salt Lake City, at the time of his death, a single hospital or 'home' creditable to that settlement." If the author had consulted the Federal census, he would have found that the poor who came to Utah in such numbers had nearly all been helped to help themselves to homes of their own. A book written in this spirit is not likely to make converts among the Mormons, but it will furnish their opponents with an invaluable arsenal of facts against them—and facts in general taken from the writings of the Mormons themselves. With regard to polygamy, the author demonstrates the earthly origin of the revelation commanding it—in violence to the explicit teaching of the Book of Mormon and the lifelong contention of Rigdon—but he declares that the doctrine has still such a hold upon the Church that it will not be safely entombed until a constitutional amendment is adopted forever prohibiting polygamy in the territory of the United States. This point is made so strongly that the reader regrets that the anti-polygamy agitation of three years ago was allowed to expend itself upon the expulsion of Congressman Roberts, and did not compel the adoption of the constitutional amendment demanded by the situation and previously indorsed unanimously by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. In the absence of a National awakening regarding polygamy, the political influence of the Mormon Church in several doubtful States seems sufficient to prevent the adoption of such an amendment.

Those Black Diamond Men. By William Futhey Gibbons. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 389 pages. $1.50.

There are both true feeling and full knowledge in this semi-fictitious picture of the life of the coal-miner. It is well worth while just now to have before one the real facts about the miner's work, danger, faithfulness to comrades, and heroism, as well as those showing his ignorance, roughness, tendencies to drink, and sometimes unreasoning violence. Mr. Gibbons has evidently lived among the miners, has studied thoroughly every phase of mining life, and presents the conditions of mining regions fairly and with sympathy. His book is not for economists, but for the general reader; it is a series of dramatic human scenes, sometimes with thrilling incidents, sometimes of tragic intensity, sometimes touched with humor. These scenes are in a measure connected to form a continuous story; in some cases they are independent bits of character study, each with its distinct story interest. A book of this kind should not be judged as to construction as is the ordinary novel, nor is it likely to be written with even merit throughout. Leaving apart minor criticism, it may be said that the volume is written from plain, heartfelt interest in the "black diamond" men described, its characters are typical, and the brisk action of the story holds the attention firmly.

Time of Roses (The). By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 415 pages. $1.50.

This story, like other works by this author, recounts the ambitions, experiences, achievements, and friendships of a group of schoolgirl acquaintances. The scenes are laid in England, but the events are very similar to those occurring daily among striving, struggling American girls. It is the sort of story that appeals to girls advancing towards womanhood with vistas of a career looming ahead.

Trust (The): Its Book. By Charles R. Flint, James J. Hill, James H. Bridge, S. C. T. Dodd, and Francis B. Thurber. Edited by James H. Bridge. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 255 pages. $1.25, net.

A collection of essays showing the trust as it is represented by those within. The trust's spokesmen whose apologies are here presented are Charles R. Flint, S. C. T. Dodd, James J. Hill, and Francis B. Thurber. The principal contributor is Mr. Flint, and probably the most suggestive essay to students is his entitled "The Gospel of Industrial Steadiness." Whether or not the trust will prove a "steadier" of production is matter for dispute, the recent German panic indicating that the hope of greater steadiness long based on the syndicates has proven illusory. Mr. Thurber's chapter upon "The Influence of Trusts upon Prices" is a careful and accurate piece of work, though not a critical one. In presenting the fall of prices in oil and sugar it does not, for example, point out the more rapid fall in oil prior to trust control, or note the reasons for the fall in the price of raw sugar, but it brings the figures down to date and presents the whole record. His figures for oil, therefore, do not disguise the fact that the rise in oil since 1894—from four to seven cents a gallon—has almost neutralized the previous decline since the Trust became absolute in 1887; and his figures for sugar do not disguise the more rapid fall in raw sugar than in refined sugar since the refineries were consolidated in 1887. In an appendix the editors have collected brief opinions from a great many leading men upon the subject of trusts.

'Tween You an' I: Some Little Problems of Life. By Max O'Rell. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 480 pages. $1.20, net.

Light, very light, social sketches and talks about the "little problems" of life and love. M. Blouet says many true things and some clever ones, and his old-time humor occasionally sparkles with its old brilliancy. In his preface he explains that he knows that his book's title is ungrammatical, but that he likes it; we don't.

Van Dyck. By Estelle M. Hurll. (The Riverside Art Series.) Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 95 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

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Correspondence

Conditions in Samar

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A letter received recently from a friend in the Philippines, an officer of the First Infantry, stationed at Cervantes, on the island of Samar, gives such a clear, simple picture of the state of affairs there that I forward extracts from it, thinking that it may be of some general interest. The officer referred to has been in the Philippines for more than three years, having gone there as a volunteer, and has taken a great interest in the affairs of the natives. While in the volunteers, and commandant of a district, he, at his own expense, had school-books sent to him (this was before the establishment of a school system) and taught school, in addition to his other duties. He was a member of General Funston's staff, held a position under the civil government, and was especially mentioned in reports for conspicuous bravery in saving from drowning a wounded man, under fire.

He says, writing under date of March 6: "Since coming here, last August, my life has been one continual 'hike' after insurrecto riflemen. They are seldom in large parties, as the rifles are distributed in the different districts of the island, and are under the command of the *jefe* of the district. This *jefe* or *commandante*, in turn, distributes his arms where they can be of most use to him, and in such a manner that they can all be quickly assembled at any time or place. At least ten or twelve bolomen accompany each rifle; and should, perchance, the rifleman be shot, there is always some one who looks after his piece and ammunition. That is looked after first; the man's condition is a secondary matter. In this warfare the *jefe-local*, or headman, or local chief, is the important factor. They may be residents of towns where the troops are stationed, and possibly on friendly terms with them; they thus can, and do, keep track of the movements of the troops, and the active insurrectos are kept posted. Where the local presidentes are loyal, it is a difficult matter for the insurrectos to learn the movements of the troops, because it is a matter of personal safety with the presidente to arrest and turn over to the military authorities any suspicious natives. A loyal presidente can accomplish much good, and we have only to go back a few months to the Balangiga affair to see what a bad lot can do.

"A peculiar state of affairs exists here in regard to the relations between the classes of natives. The common *tau*, or laborer, knows little beyond the limits of his *pueblo* or *barrio;* he is ignorant, easily led or imposed upon, especially so by one of his own people. The tau looks up to the headman as to the most important of men. What do they know about independence, or of Lukban, Aguinaldo, or others who were prominent in the revolution? Nothing. But they do know that 'Capitan Jose,' or 'Tecuente Bautiste,' or some other jefe, is an insurrecto, and that is enough to swing them into line. The local leaders play on their feelings, and the consequence is that a lot of poor, densely ignorant people give up what little they have to live a life of hardship and danger, and not for a principle, or for any dream of independence. They do all the hard work for the insurrectos, and, whenever possible, are pushed to the front. If one is killed—no matter!—he is only a common tau; another takes his place—hallah!—step lively. So you can plainly see that the surrender and capture of the local chiefs is of vast importance. They not only control the people, but they collect and furnish the supplies; and if we get them, we injure the insurrection in a more effectual manner than if we get the big chiefs. The closing of the ports to the export of hemp has cut off insurrecto supplies. When hemp-growers were working, they had to pay the insurgents a certain amount for the privilege, which amount, of course, went into the treasury, or, as more often happens, into some one's private purse. Lukban (recently captured) has a big bank account in Hongkong, yet he was in moderate circumstances when the war broke out. Where did he get it? Quien sabe? But I have my suspicions.

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"The people down here are not so advanced as in Luzon. I think that if the Tagalos had remained away from this island we would not have had any trouble here. The chief ones of the insurrectos are Tagalos. These people of Samar are a sturdy, healthy class, superior to the Tagalos in physique, but inferior mentally. They are a simple people, and easily imposed upon. I think they are all that is implied in 'half man, half child'—whole devil! A number of the natives cast their lot in with the Americans who came over with the first expedition, and must, perforce, remain loyal, because they have done so much to make themselves obnoxious to the insurrectos. The old Presidente of Borongan was opposed to the insurrection in the beginning, fought with a detachment of eight men of the Forty-third Volunteers, on duty there early in 1900, and was compelled to leave with them when their ammunition ran out. He fed them, sheltered them in his house, managed to secure boats, and took them through to Catabalogan. When the troops returned, the Presidente, Magno Abenis, returned with them, and since then has assisted us in many ways. His sons have acted as scouts and guides; and I know their worth, as I have seen them in action. The old man was quite wealthy, but has sustained many losses, all of his property having been destroyed by insurrectos, and while he still retains possession of his cocoanut groves and his rice and hemp fields, they bring no revenue, as they cannot be worked. But, then, this is war, and war is hell—and canned rations.

"Wherever troops are stationed here a mixed language is growing up—native, pigeon English and Spanish, and pure phonetics. 'Die-die' means dead; a 'boom-boom' anything from a cannon to a pistol; 'chow-chow' or 'sou-sou,' anything to eat; 'Hy-een sun-down?' is 'Where is your bolo?'"

Chillicothe, O. H. H. B.

The Mystery of Suffering

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I venture to suggest one or two supplementary thoughts to "The Answer of the Cross"? In addition to the great Fact so graphically stated in the exposition given, does not the human reason reach out for concrete satisfaction so far as is possible? In the case of the guilty—the violator of law, physical, mental, or moral—the pains or penalties seem to be educational and remedial. If penalty were not wrapped up in sin, transgression might forever continue.

But when the innocent suffer, specifically, in and for the guilty, the logic is not so plain. But is there not one tremendous lesson involved in the moral order at this point? If each suffered solely for his own mistakes, would he not logically and inevitably learn selfishness? But the fact that he suffers in and for others, collectively—and enjoys through them as well—teaches in the most powerful manner the brotherhood of man, the solidarity of the race. It is an unanswerable and standing object-lesson of that supreme truth. In the spiritual evolution of man may not even this be worth all that it costs? HENRY WOOD.

Cambridge, Mass.

Lay Courses in Bible Studies

Union Theological Seminary inaugurated courses for lay workers last autumn, and they have revealed a remarkable interest on the part of laymen in Bible study. The courses are in the English Bible and methods of teaching. Over four hundred and thirty persons enrolled. They came from all parts of Greater New York and its suburbs. Every class met once a week for either six, twelve, or twenty-four weeks, according to the length of a course. Eleven classes were held at the Seminary, and eight in different churches in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx.

Two instructors were appointed a year ago expressly to conduct these classes. They have been assisted by the President and other members of the Seminary Faculty. Even so, more extension classes were called for than could be supplied with instructors. The force of teachers has been increased for another year.

Four-fifths of the students were women. Three-quarters were Sunday-school superintendents and teachers. Nine students were ministers. All of the leading denominations were well represented in the classes. Several Jews entered for Old Testament courses. Examinations were optional. One student in ten undertook them, and nearly fifty certificates have been awarded. The next session will

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open October 30, and will continue for six months as before. * *

The Walking Delegate

Apropos of the coal strike, a correspondent who thinks that the mine operators are the injured and innocent party sends us the following good-humored skit at the expense of the "walking delegate." It was read at a dinner connected with a meeting at Scranton, Pa., of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and is here reprinted from the "Engineering and Mining Journal:"

I am the famed New Zealander
Of whom Macaulay wrote,
And I have cruised around the world
In my own private boat,
A-visiting of London Bridge
And other things remote.

'Twas after I had finished with
The ruins of St. Paul's,
I turned to cross the Atlantic Sea,
In spite of waves and squalls,
To study the traces of vanished races
And see Niagara Falls.

This was the land, you understand,
That once was owned in fee
By folks who worked and never shirked
And worshiped Liberty—
A nation that became extinct
In the twentieth century.

From time to time strange rumors came
About their wondrous doom,
Until at last we heard no more,
So I resolved to come
And with mine own eyes see the truth,
And tell the same at home.

I steered my vessel up the Bay,
Once famous, and still fair;
A prostrate statue barred the way,
That erst a torch did bear:
Its torch was in the water, and
Its heels were in the air!

I floated slowly up beside
A long-deserted pier,
When at the gangway I descried
A sign, as I drew near,
Upon a signboard old and dried,
"Boycott! No landing here!"

"Boycott!"—methought I knew the word;
It was some sort of pest
That in the past, as I had heard,
Went sweeping through the West,
Scaring one-half its victims dead,
And starving all the rest.

No matter! Time will disinfect
The most contagious airs;
I put my respirator on,
And washed, and said my prayers,
And, boldly stepping to the pier,
Went up the rotten stairs.

An empty town, whose dreary wastes
At human grandeur scoff!
But stay! an aged figure hastes,
With many a wheezy cough,
Waving its lean and withered arms
And wildly warns me off!

My nerves are strong, yet I confess
It was a gruesome sight,
That visage gaunt, that tattered dress,
That fiercely brandished right,
Holding a can of some strange mess
That looked like dynamite.

"Art thou the sad survivor, then,
Of all thy nation's fate?
And how didst thou escape it, when
The rest fell desolate?"
"I am," quoth he (and coughed again),
"The Walking Delegate!

"My duty is to walk about
And see that things stand still;
I snap my fingers—men go out
From road and mine and mill.
At least they did; but now I've none
On whom to work my will.

"Gone are the days when tyrants shrank
And trembled at my talk.
The Boycott took them all away,
And now I sadly stalk
A lonesome Walking Delegate,
With naught to do but walk!

"It was a glorious fight, I ween,
We Knights of Labor won!
We cut the hours of labor down
To eight, six, four, two, none.
Sometimes I wish it had not been
Quite so completely done!

"Our last great strike the continent
O'erspread from side to side;
We had to boycott everything
To gain the point denied;
And just as we were going to win,
All parties up and died!"

"But you survived," I said; "what power
So safely brought you through?
When no one more did anything,
What could you find to do?
When all support for others failed,
Pray what supported you?"

Oh! but he grinned a ghastly grin
"What did I live upon?
Why, I'm a Walking Delegate,
And no mere myrmidon!
Though all the world besides should stop,
My salary goes on!"

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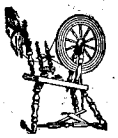

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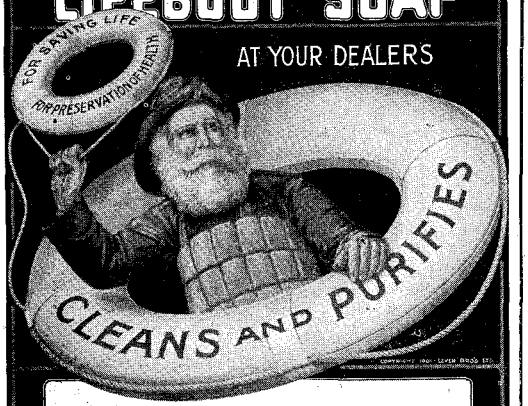

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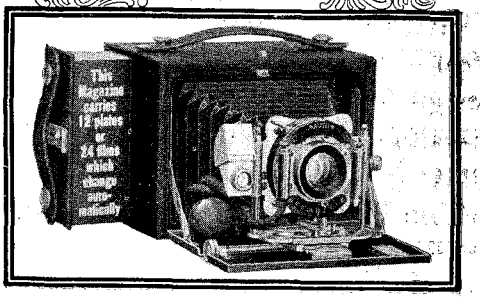

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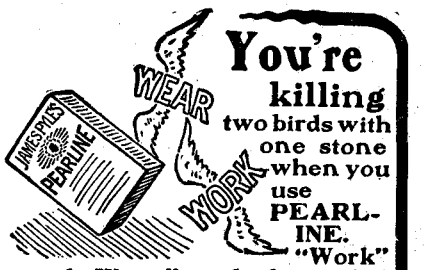

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ABOUT THE MINES

The property of the California King Gold Mines Company is located in San Diego County, California, 20 miles north of Yuma, Arizona, five miles from the Colorado River, and consists of twenty-eight claims, occupying a ground area of 560 acres. The great value of the Rand Mines in South Africa is mainly due to their large deposit of low grade ore, and the use of the cyanide process to extract the value therefrom. The same is true of a number of mines in California; this rule also applies to the mines in the Black Hills, notably the Homestake of South Dakota, the Alaska Treadwell, the Alaska Mexican, and the Alaska Consolidated. These mines have paid large dividends for the last twenty years, returning to the stockholders many times their original investment. Not one of these mines has anything like the amount of ore in sight that the California King has. The California King has immense deposits of low grade, free milling ore. Five years' work has blocked out 15,000,000 tons of ore that will run in value from $3.00 to $5.00 per ton. Within the past three months a deposit of ore has been discovered which runs $10.00 per ton.

We call your particular attention to the following telegram from Senator Pettigrew. This refers to the deposit of $10.00 ore above referred to.

Yuma, Arizona, May 28, 1902.

WM. A. MEARS & CO., 25 Broad Street, New York City

We have found the hanging wall for over three thousand feet and a great body of ore that will go ten dollars per ton. I believe the mine is worth very many millions.

(Signed) R. F. PETTIGREW.

It is impossible to estimate what this body of ore means in added value to the property.

A great many people watched the Homestake stock start at $1.50 per share, and advance steadily year in and year out, without investing in same, until to-day the stock is selling at $115.00 per share, and pays 50 cents per share per month, and has paid over $16,000,000 in dividends. People who missed this opportunity see where they missed the chance of making a fortune out of a very small investment. The Homestake Co. has just paid its 279th consecutive dividend, and has never missed a dividend since October, 1878. The people who purchased large blocks of this stock when it was first offered, and held same, have all become independently rich, as the stock has shown an advance of $5.00 per share per year. Investors who bought 100 shares of Homestake stock for $300.00 a few years ago, now have a profit of over $11,000.00 through the advance in price, and have received many times their original investment in the way of dividends. There is no reason why California King should not do better, as the Homestake started with only three claims, comprising about 25 acres, no ore in sight, and had to experiment upon the treatment of ores, while the California King starts with 560 acres of claims fully developed, and 15,000,000 tons of ore in sight.

THE PLANT

The Colorado Iron Works have almost completed the plant, which has a guaranteed capacity of 1,000 tons per day. This mill will be in operation in July, and the payment of regular dividends should begin early in the Fall. The net daily profits from the operation of this mill should average $2,500 on a basis of ore at $3 50 per ton. This will be the largest, most complete and most modern cyanide plant in this country.

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TREATMENT OF ORE

The ore of California King Mines is low grade, free milling. What we mean by free milling ore is ore from which, on being broken up, the gold will separate from all other substances. The process of using cyanide of potassium is as follows: The ore is ground up to pass through a 20-mesh screen, when it is delivered into round iron tanks holding 500 tons each. A weak solution of cyanide of potassium is turned in until it covers the top to the depth of one or more inches. It is allowed to remain from 40 to 48 hours, when all the gold in the ore is dissolved by it and held in solution. The solution is then drawn off and is run through boxes containing very fine zinc shavings. The contact of the solution with the zinc shavings causes an instant precipitation of all the gold carried in the solution, and it drops to the bottom of the box.

OFFICERS:

JOHN P. JONES, President — **R. F. PETTIGREW, Vice-President**
CHAS. H. FAY, Treasurer — **L. DeW. SEAMAN, Secretary**

DIRECTORS:

Hon. John P. Jones, Gold Hill, Nevada, U. S. Senator and Mine Owner
Jacob E. Ridgway, Philadelphia, Pa., Pres. Quaker City National Bank
Hon. R. F. Pettigrew, Sioux Falls, S. D., Ex-U. S. Senator
Stilson Hutchins, Washington, D. C., Publisher and Mine Owner
Hon. Chas. A. Towne, New York City, Ex-U. S. Senator, President C. A. Towne & Co.
Joseph M. Gazzam, Philadelphia, Pa., Vice-President Quaker City National Bank
Hon. Willard Teller, Denver, Colorado, Attorney-at-Law
Hon. Silas B. Dutcher, Brooklyn, N. Y., President of Hamilton Trust Co.
James R. McCortney, Washington, D. C., Iron Manufacturer
Hon. Ashley W. Cole, Brooklyn, N. Y., Chairman Board of State R.R. Commissioners
John I. Bishop, Civil Engineer and Director, Pittsburg Coal Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

JOHN P. JONES — **R. F. PETTIGREW, Chairman** — **JACOB E. RIDGWAY**

MANAGER OF MILL AND MINES:

EMERSON GEE, Picacho, California

All these men have been markedly successful, and the same ability that they have applied to their own business will be used to make this property a great success. Mr. Emerson Gee, the General Manager, was for many years the mining expert in the employ of Moffat and Smith, of Denver. This is sufficient recommendation for any one.

REGISTRARS OF STOCK:

Knickerbocker Trust Company, 66 Broadway, New York

THE RAILROAD

A narrow gauge railroad, five miles long, connecting the mill and mines has been built. The ore can be shipped from the mine to the mill for five cents a ton. The railroad is equipped with two locomotives and fifty side dump cars.

ADDITIONAL PROPERTY

Additional property of great value to the Company has been acquired and the stock which we now offer has been placed in the treasury for the *sole* and *exclusive* purpose of paying for this property without drawing upon the equipment capital.

UNCERTAINTIES ELIMINATED

Investors who buy California King stock now are absolutely sure that their money will not be spent in prospecting or experimenting. All of that has been done and all the uncertainties that usually surround a mining proposition have been eliminated.

STOCK OFFERED

We offer a limited amount of the full paid, non-assessable stock of this Company in certificates of not less than 25 shares, at $3.00 per share. The capital of the Company is 1,000,000 shares, par value $5.00. Over $300,000 have been spent during the past year on the mill, railroad, and in opening up the mine for active operation, and purchasers of stock now reap the benefit of this investment. We *unhesitatingly recommend* the stock to large and small investors alike. Dividends should be earned and paid in the Fall, and the condition of the property justifies the belief that they should continue for many years. We believe the stock will, within two years' time, be hard to buy at $15.00 a share. It will be listed on the Boston Exchange.

TO SUM UP

THIS IS NOT A PROSPECT but a fully developed Gold Mine with a modern cyanide plant of 1,000 tons daily capacity. No bonds or preferred stock stand between the stockholder and his share of the profits. No salaries are to be paid to the officers until the mine is on a dividend paying basis. This is a large deposit of low-grade, free milling ore, the same as the Homestake. The mill will be turned over to the Company in complete working order early in July; the railroad is finished. There is enough ore in sight that can be mined from open cuts to run the mill for thirty years. Every statement herein presented is made with the full knowledge of the responsibility of the Directors and Officers of this Company to the public, and we do not desire any one to invest a penny in this enterprise who has the slightest doubt of the truthfulness of the statements herein made. We shall be pleased to send copy of the second illustrated stockholders' report and condensed prospectus to any one interested. Remit by check or draft to

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MYRA B. MARTIN, Secretary

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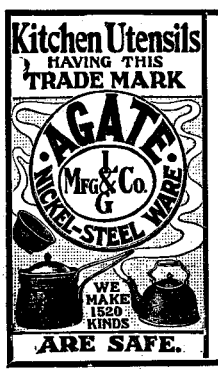

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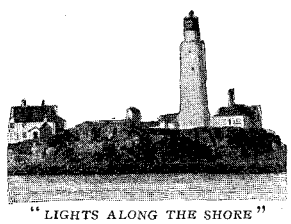

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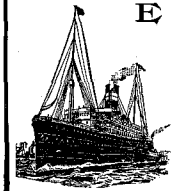

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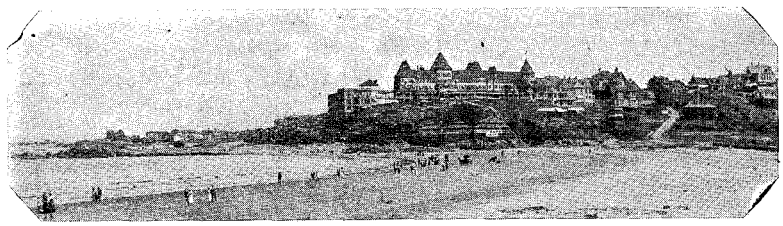

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